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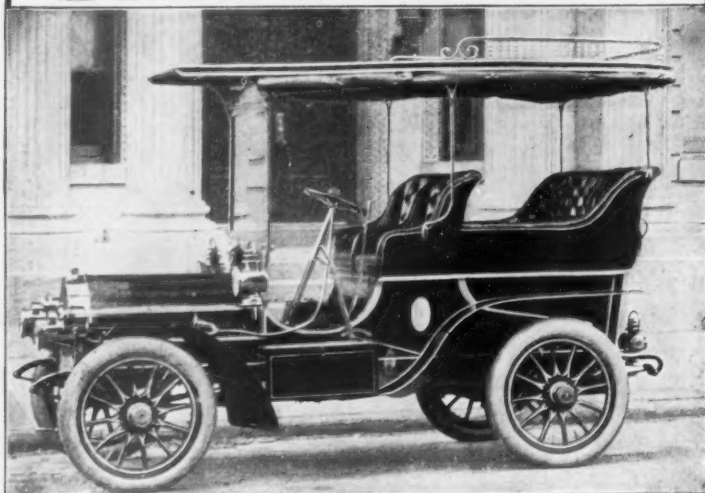
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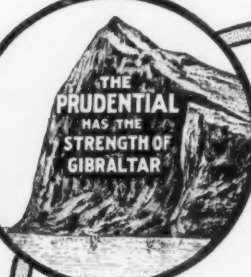
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New York, Saturday, February 27, 1904

MARCH HOUSEHOLD NUMBER

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COLLIER'S

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This is the second of a series of drawings in color by Mr. Smedley which will appear in the Household Numbers under the title of "Pleasant Households," depicting incidents of American home life. The first, "The Bride's First Luncheon," was published in the Household Number for February.

INTERVIEWING THE COOK

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



N EWS ABOUT RUSSIA is influenced by two causes which seem to the Russians unfair and make them smart with a sense of wrong. London is the news centre of the world. The London "Times" is the most influential organ of opinion in the world, and it is the organ of the British Government. Most of the leading correspondents everywhere are Englishmen. The British as a whole look upon Russia as their deadliest menace. Threatening India, she threatens British power everywhere, and England is therefore fighting for her position as a power when she weakens Russia at any possible point, whether it be on the Black or the Yellow Sea, or in the public opinion of America. Another point, allied to the influence of English journalism, is that many Continental newspapers exist by Jewish capital. The Jews have no cause to love the Russians, and their hostility undoubtedly finds an effective outlet in European journalism. Sympathizers with Russia complain of the persistency with which journalism all over the world exploits her shortcomings, remaining silent about her merits, and there is a certain slight ground for the complaint.

THE TROUBLE WITH RUSSIA

But there is a reason, much more essential than the bias of journalism, for the world's unfavorable attitude, namely, that civilized humanity to-day can hardly be expected to sympathize with a despotic bureaucracy. It is not the Russian people that are condemned, for they are not represented. That they are a great people potentially there are sufficient indications. Very possibly the country which shows the greatest genius in science and art a century from now may be the country of *TOLSTOI* and *TURGENIEFF*. The Slavic nature has also given promising signs in Bulgaria as well as in Russia. What is earning the world's displeasure is neither the race nor the nation, but the fragment of the whole which banishes *TOLSTOI*, persecutes free thought, and conducts diplomacy with the cynicism which it applies to life in general. If Russia had a French Revolution she might emerge the leader of progress. She may become a leader even without such an upheaval, by gradual modification. But until she does change her form of government, suddenly or by degrees, and cease to be the tool of a bureaucracy in no way representative of the whole or of the best, nations ruled by public opinion will inevitably find it easier to censure than to sympathize.

JAPAN IS MILITARY first of all. A Russian, arguing with an American that his country's sympathies were misplaced, would not, if he were very intelligent, talk too much about supposed friendliness in the Civil War and the American Revolution. He would put most emphasis on the warlike nature of the Japanese and the peace-loving and commercial character of the Russians. If Japan becomes a great power, he would declare, the *MONROE* Doctrine for Asia will speedily make its appearance. Japan will then dictate our behavior in Asia as calmly as we now dictate to Europe about South America. Moreover, the stunning daring of the Japanese, combined with their gifts for military organization and their eagerness for fight, would leave them, if victorious in the present conflict, in a mood to speak firmly whenever in the future they might see a difference between their interests and ours. This argument ignores the fact that Russia might dominate China and establish a *MONROE* doctrine there as well as

DEGREES OF PERIL

Japan, and would not need to have a military spirit to maintain it if she once intrenched herself with sufficient strength. Probably the time will come when somebody will be strong enough in Asia to keep it from being subject to exploitation without reciprocal concession. It may be Russia, it may be Japan, or it may well be China herself. In any case, there is no cause to speak of any of these possible Asiatic powers as perils. Europe has received from Asia, during the centuries, much that is best in her civilization, as well as blows that have set her back for ages. It is impossible to tell whether the next burst of power from that direction would bring good or evil to humanity. Statesmen can consider only near results. Russia, endeavoring to outplay England and Japan, shuts us out of what we want in Manchuria because we insist on making common cause with the other nations, including her enemies. Japan very astutely gives us what we want, looking forward to a time when she will give us what she chooses. Our statecraft, therefore, by necessity inclines in her direction, for these immediate advantages, without guessing ahead into unknown dangers of far distant history.

M R. HAY'S NOTE in favor of Chinese neutrality, and its general acceptance, have diminished the probability of China's joining in the war, but have not entirely removed it, for the most enlightened opinion in that country tends considerably toward an active

part, and it would not be difficult to encourage trouble among the people which might soon lead to the Government's becoming involved. The desire of the powers to preserve China's "administrative entity" is a matter of course, but China's point of view is widely different. If she takes part in this war, and especially if she comes out on the victorious side, she will be looked upon as a nation, not as an extensive pie. Even if she is among the defeated, she will come out better than she went in, provided her entrance has brought France and England into the game, for she will presumably be considered by her allies in the acceptance of terms. The powers wisely prefer a restricted war, and a continuance of China for the Europeans, to a general conflict and a beginning of the doctrine of China for the Chinese. China, no less wisely, is beginning to think a little about how she can get something out of the turmoils that are constantly forced upon her by Western hunger. Confucianism, the moral and intellectual system of China, is either weakening slightly before present conditions or adapting itself to them. An alliance, taking the place of supine fatalism and aloofness, would have a vast effect toward awakening China and starting her along the course marked out for her by Japan. Such an alliance may be impossible, in the face of the European and American interests in restricting the area of conflict, but, on the other hand, war is harder to isolate than fire or diphtheria, and chance may yet give China an opportunity and find her ready.

CHINA MIGHT TAKE PART

M R. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has added to our already exalted estimation of his attributes. A penny saved is a penny earned. The man who can save his own pennies ought to be looked upon as the fittest to survive, just as much as if he were able to abstract those pennies which already belonged to somebody else. We pass this solemn truth along gratis to President *BENJAMIN ANDREWS*, a mere straw of wisdom from our stack, and hurry on to a narrative which the whole world should know; and, knowing, should applaud. A certain woman earns her living by the use of a rare and refined talent for composing satirical monologues and delivering them. Delicious as her quality is, and successful as she has been, she is poor, according to the general lot of artists of particular refinement and intelligence. Nevertheless, when she was asked to lower her rates for one occasion, because the entertainment was for a Sunday-school, she consented. The Sunday-school was the one conducted by Mr. *ROCKEFELLER*, but the artist understood, of course, that, in making the request for lower terms, Mr. *ROCKEFELLER* was practicing economy for those members of the class who were poorer than himself. The next day, however, we all read in the newspapers that a party had been given by Mr. *ROCKEFELLER* to his Sunday-school. Now if the expenses were paid by the class and the credit given to its distinguished leader, we congratulate him cordially; but if it were in reality his entertainment, and the monologue artist gave her services for less than their value and their usual price, because she understood the class was to pay, there are no bounds to our felicitations, for the stroke was masterly. Every week adds something to the accumulating evidence that the *ROCKEFELLER* family is fitted to survive.

A PENNY SAVED

MARK HANNA'S CAREER in politics admits of many differing judgments. The way one regards it will be determined by his view of our public life in general. Mr. *HANNA* was not, in his choice of means, what would be called squeamish, and many persons have wondered why he suffered politically so little from what was believed about his use of money. The reasons were that he sought ends which he believed to be good, that he was only part of a system widely established in America, and that he was so attractive as a personality that he was liked by politicians and audiences, and also liked by newspaper men to a degree which rendered them unwilling to exploit the considerations against him. He was unaffected, direct, faithful, and enthusiastic, a man of large and attractive mold, in whose presence it seemed pedantry to insist too much on rigid standards of detail. He was the American business man before all else—one of the ablest examples of it—and when he turned into politics late in life he carried American business methods with him. He knew how to conduct a campaign successfully on as high a plane as he conducted the affairs of wholesale groceries, coal companies, banks, and street railways. When men die, what the public feeling responds to is their personality. As a matter of record, however, after Senator *HANNA* shall be no longer among the newly dead, what will be most to his credit as a

A STRONG PERSONALITY



public man will be his work for the gold standard, through his influence on McKinley as well as through his efforts in the campaigns, and the honesty and really brilliant skill with which he sought to bring labor and capital into friendlier relations. In this latter regard particularly he showed the business man on one of his most attractive sides.

CULTURE IN AMERICA can not be exactly what it is in older lands. Education, and also artistic expression of any kind, should be closely allied to the main interests of the people. A difficult problem is offered in this country, where the material activities are so fundamental and so immense, and where a strong desire for the ideal side of life is met by the absence of established channels for its expression. President SCHURMAN of Cornell has replied to Professor MacDOWELL's attacks on Columbia materialism, in an able address, during which he said: "For him 'idealism' means the study of art, and 'materialism' the study of any other subject or subjects. The student of languages, history, economics, politics, philosophy, mathematics or science is, in this terminology, a materialist; the man who takes 'at least two courses in fine arts' is an idealist! No wonder Mr. MacDOWELL finds the tendency of modern education is toward 'materialism.'"

IDEALS AND
SUCCESS

President SCHURMAN's contention is that the ideal lies in the spirit of study rather than in the topic studied, a point which is illustrated by the story about a professor who said: "I used to believe in the compulsory study of Greek, until I heard the members of the Greek department argue about it. Then I saw that no one of them possessed the qualities which all said resulted from the study of Greek, and so I came to think that my belief was a mistaken one." Undoubtedly, however, there is a difference in topics, and the arts are more likely to be studied for the disinterested love of beauty and significance, and the subjects enumerated by Professor SCHURMAN are more likely to be studied merely for their usefulness in helping toward "getting on." At one end of the scale BOOKER WASHINGTON is endeavoring to induce his race to study with a direct view to getting on in the world, and undoubtedly he is right. At the other end, at our leading universities, some teachers are struggling to make their students care for ideal knowledge and appreciation apart from success, and they also are right.

RUSSIA IS HANDICAPPED by the idea that nobody who is not a general can govern anybody. For places where the greatest tact is required she selects military men, because she has no conception of the ruling ability of civilians. If she would put men of administrative ability and rational preferences in charge of the disaffected portions of her domain, her progress toward the "unity of the empire" would be much more rapid than it is under the policy of repression encouraged by her military superstition. Knowledge of self-government increases the ability to govern others. England, the freest of European countries at home, is the best governor of colonies and dependencies abroad, and her principle is to grant as much freedom as is practicable, where Russia's is to check every form of liberty as drastically as possible. Mr. TAFT's triumphant experience in the Philippines showed that with even a half barbaric people a large infusion of self-government is the road to success.

MILITARY
GOVERNMENT

The reliance upon military men as administrators is not based upon ideas of native growth, but is rather an importation from Germany, beginning some half a century or more ago. Taking German military knowledge and system, Russia took with them that German view of military superiority which constantly shocks the world by episodes of brutal dueling and of murder for causes which are elsewhere recognized as both stupid and trivial. In fostering this trust in organized force, the German Emperor works harm, not only to his own nation, but to all other countries subject to its influence.

"**D**EEP DOWN IN MY HEART," says J. C. TROWBRIDGE, who has been so long a delight to American boys, "I abominate warfare, among boys, or men, or nations." Yet he, in the early days of schooling, although the least quarrelsome of boys, had the unregenerate notion, when he received a blow, that it was to the other fellow's cheek that the next belonged. "The wild apple-tree bears thorns that disappear from the robust stem," and Mr. TROWBRIDGE thinks it natural that the "wild beast traits," produced plentifully by the struggle for survival, should be redeemed by the spirit of love, or, as conditions become safer, transformed into peaceful and secure power. This story-teller's ideal of peace is

like that of the world to-day; yet no ideal can exist alone. From Mr. TROWBRIDGE's tales the incident which remains most clearly in our unregenerate minds is the mixture of violence and ingenuity with which JACK HAZARD escaped the pursuing dog; holding a stick for him to leap at and then placing upon his abdomen an unchristian and forceful kick. When two boys are fighting upon the street, women often seek to part them, but it is to be feared that even serious men applaud their efforts and laugh at the miniature burlesque of war. Women shrink from the unreason, brutality, and pain, and stand firmly for intercession and conferences of peace. Men, back of the immediate enjoyment of humanity in action, have also a belief that discipline includes material conflict. Truth has no one face, whether we think of boys or nations. Looking backward, we justify many wars as having been fertile in desirable consequences, in putting bitter questions to sleep, in welding nations, in keeping races sturdy, in a dozen ways eulogized by history.

FIGHTING
FOR BOYS

CHARACTER MAY BE EXTRACTED sometimes from literary production, judging the man from the expression of his pen. People will read "The Oligarchy of Venice" for the purpose less of understanding history than of getting some light on the principles and intelligence of GEORGE B. McCLELLAN. However one may be accustomed to guessing freely at men's natures from their books, he may go through this volume carefully without any more light on the author than if he had been SHAKESPEARE. "Others abide our question"; Mayor McCLELLAN remains a person on whose individuality we find no hold. The essay is well written, clear, without color, fair, and competent. It would be rash to conclude that the distinguished author is all these things. A certain doge, he observes, "voiced the cant of 'expansionists' and land-robbers of all ages"; and the anti-imperialist position he says was summed up in one sentence: "I desire to recommend to your care this Christian city, to urge you to love your neighbors, and to act justly to them, and to preserve peace." He speaks severely of the Venetian mistake of a protective tariff, and of taking and giving bribes. He mentions the all-importance of patronage, and he applauds a doge who preferred the risk of unpopularity to the easier rôle of imperiling the interests of his country for the applause of the moment. These trifles may be suggestive, but Mayor McCLELLAN remains an unknown man. His book would have been far more interesting if he had connected his talk about "the machine" in Venice with what he knows about politics elsewhere. His game, however, in all of his career, has been a quiet one, and we should hardly expect him to let many of his ideas escape merely because he chose to give a proof that he could write a respectable volume of history.

A LITERARY
STATESMAN

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, wails a German, with profound eye upon these States, is no ivy, which twines about the tree. She is not even

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Color and variety are therefore no longer to be furnished to American life by the differences of sex. Every woman who takes to letters, observed a wit, commits two sins: she increases the number of books, and she decreases the number of women. We extract valued diversion from these deep thinkers, who are so troubled for the permanence of differences and relations which have so solid a foundation as structure and function. Women occasionally do things for which they are unfit. In oratory they frequently recall Dr. JOHNSON's illustration of the dog who could walk like a man. Men also occasionally do things for which they are unfit. Moreover, it is silly to expect every individual to imitate the average or the type. That women as a sex are not made especially for physicians or attorneys is poor reason for objecting to the occasional woman who gains happiness, occupation, and support from medicine or law. The ivy metaphor is flattering to the oak, and was invented by a man; like the fable of the lion. What truth it contains, which is much, despite its exaggeration, is as secure in our democracy of sex as in the most approved harem. Often the woman who has most free mind and purpose best knows and illuminates the relation in which greater physical delicacy makes her assume the rôle of ivy more often than that of oak; although still more frequently, and happily, a rôle which is neither ivy nor oak, but something too full of variety and interaction for any vegetable comparison.

IS IVY
OBSOLETE?



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR ENTRANCE

The Russian ships, torpedoed by the Japanese, were lying at the mouth of the harbor, in the bay shown on the right of the picture



REDOUBT ON THE TIGER'S TAIL PROMONTORY OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR ENTRANCE



VIEW OF THE LAND-SIDE DEFENCES ON THE TIGER'S TAIL PROMONTORY

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PORT ARTHUR, RUSSIA'S STRONGHOLD ON THE YELLOW SEA



HAKODATE.—THE JAPANESE CITY SAID TO HAVE BEEN BOMBARDED BY A RUSSIAN FLEET

Hakodate is a seaport town of about 80,000 inhabitants situated at the southwestern extremity of the island of Yezo,—which is the most northerly of the islands of Japan. It is distant about 400 miles across the Japan Sea from Vladivostok, the Russian base in Siberia. Newspaper despatches from various places in the far East have reported that a Russian fleet, presumably from Vladivostok, shelled Hakodate February 9, doing much damage to the city. No official confirmation of the bombardment has yet been received.

A NATION CALM AND SELF-CONTAINED

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Special War Correspondent in the Far East

This is the first letter received from Mr. Palmer, who arrived in Yokohama January 25. It was sent by mail to San Francisco and telegraphed from there to New York in order that it might be published in the present issue. It was written, as may be seen from the date, about ten days before the beginning of hostilities, and describes the wonderful self-containment and preparedness of the Japanese people. Mr. Palmer is now in Korea, and has advised us by cable that he has sent by mail an account of the battle of Chemulpo and the occupation of Seoul by the Japanese, illustrated with photographs.

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TOKIO, JAPAN, January 28, 1904

NOW you may know less and less as you proceed toward the Centre of Information, where you find that rumors are not dignified by distance and high cable tolls. At Honolulu, when some one sang out from the steamer's deck to the crowd on the pier, "How about the war?" the answer was, "The Supreme Court has ruled out the Hawaiian counties act." This was as good as saying that war was not yet declared. The few-worded despatches in the local papers told of the old surmises about protracted negotiations that the hurrying correspondent had read in his flight across the continent to a Pacific steamer. At Yokohama we asked the question and got the answers, "Not yet," and "They are chartering transports." "Progress reported," said a passenger who seemed to regard peace as a misfortune.

At the Yokohama Club, where the foreign residents gather for luncheon every day, the "Not yet" became almost a "Never." Business interests are always sceptical in such situations—rightly and naturally. War is their enemy. War must always seem to the Market such an unreasonable way out of a difficulty that only the fact will kill the wish that is father to the thought.

But Yokohama is not Tokio—Tokio, where the hotel managers are making hay in winter, thanks to the attachés and correspondents who wait and listen and guess. (If the negotiations end in peace, the hotels will have the regular tourist season.) Besides, Tokio is the seat of the Government. Here the foreign residents are diplomatists instead of merchants. In a ride of fifty-five minutes on one of the little Japanese trains, you come from a world of readily hazarded opinions to a world where a few hints break through the guard of official discretion.

In the three days that I have been in Tokio I have heard only one Japanese, a clerk in a steamship office, say that he believed that there would be war. Official and civilian alike meet the inquiry of the hour with polite evasion. Step by step, until you reach high places, you find in every one the same trust in time and the Government's wisdom. The saying that a Japanese smiles when he is most serious is put to the proof. This marvelous people has shown the world still another marvel in its conduct in a crisis which means as much to the nation as the bombardment of Sumter did to the United States. They have been called the Frenchmen of the East by some observers, clever by all, criticised as superficial by many, and almost generally regarded as an excitable people. So they may be about small things. About a great, vital thing, which concerns the future of every man, woman, and child, their calmness is almost uncanny. No one can remain in Tokio twenty-four hours and not feel, even if he believes that war will not come, the awe of the occasion when forty-five million people are expectant and subdued as they await the signal

of peace or war. Children, whose praise all writers have sung, are playing in the street as merrily as ever, but their elders seem less demonstrative. The thought that the calm may be broken to-morrow is in the air. The people do not mention it in their daily greetings. Under the same conditions in a Latin country the newspaper offices would be besieged. In Japan there are the usual loiterers who read the want advertisements on the bulletin boards. The emotion of the masses is as intense as grief that is silent and dry-eyed. The visitor, riding through the streets in a jinrikisha for the first time, finds it hard to think of this diminutive people as inherently the most martial of races. We have failed to appreciate their valor and endurance, because they fight with a smile and meet hardship with a smile.

It is the good humor of the Japanese that makes you overlook his Spartan character in working sixteen hours a day and living in houses heated only by charcoal. Braziers at a season when foreigners demand fur overcoats and shiver before grate fires! The Japanese are schooled to a winter campaign in Korea or Manchuria by their life at home. Never has one man in his own affairs kept his counsel better than this nation as a whole. Through the months of lingering negotiations Japan has not once lost her patience or turned her eye from the goal.

When this is read, a great naval battle may have been fought, an army may have been landed in Korea or Manchuria, or the two Governments may still be exchanging notes. In any event, the situation of the hour is none the less interesting, for it is unique in the history of nations. The only news is that there is no news. The Government is master of all its secrets. Its attitude in relation to the people is clear. It has placed before Russia certain conditions which are es-

sential to Japan's future as a world-power. It awaits Russia's answer. If Russia refuses to comply, no room is left for doubt as to the result. The calmness of the people is significant of the depth and might of their anger, in the event of the Government surrendering.

The present Cabinet has been in power for two years. It has ceased to be the Cabinet of a party; it is the agent of the wisdom of the empire. Back of all is the criticising power of the Mikado, to the masses a demigod at all times, to every Japanese a demigod when you sound his patriotism, for he has the advice of the four statesmen who have been most instrumental in making modern Japan—Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, Count Matsukata, and Marquis Yamagata. Every act is the result of counsel in which their voices are heard.

The Cabinet itself, with the master politician Katsuma as its head, and the master diplomatist Komura in charge of foreign affairs, entering upon its career with little promise of long life, has become identified with the present situation. While Russia has gained time in order to rush men, horses, and guns into Manchuria, the Japanese, too, have profited by delay, in developing their unity of purpose. To the foreigner it seems as if there had been no such thing as home politics and home factions. In spirit, no nation was ever more ready to meet a foe than this one—the adage, "In time of peace prepare for war," has been made a gospel. Every act of preparation has had the same quality as the aspect of the nation as a whole. The only public demonstration is a universal private subscription to a war fund. Once war begins, the streets may be lined with bunting and crowds that cheer departing regiments. Now, detachments proceed as unobtrusively as possible. In vain you may ask where the fifty transports are lying. One rumor is contradicted by the next. All that the public knows of the War Council is when

its meetings are held. The heads of the army and navy confer and return to their homes. The Cabinet meetings are equally secret.

No regular war censorship has yet been declared; anything in a correspondent's cablegram, however, that might give information to the enemy is elided. When the native newspapers protested that the Government was not keeping the people posted, the Government replied that it was giving all the information that it could, and the people showed no signs of taking the journalists' part. The foreign press may print anything it finds in the native press. When a foreign correspondent, who had sought in vain for news, wrote in a despatch that the attitude of the Government was unfriendly, he was informed that this might not be sent. The logic of the Government is that it is not unfriendly to the Russians, regardless of correspondents. Nothing is better illustrative of the Japanese attitude at this time than its relation to the correspondents. Technically, there is peace; officially and privately, the Japanese have superbly avoided all poses of sinister inten-



JAPANESE REFUGEES LEAVING PORT ARTHUR

tion. The manning as fast cruisers of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamers that run to San Francisco, the chartering of transports, the plans of the War Council, are strictly in keeping with the policy of subdued preparedness. These steps have been taken in a way to avoid provocation or prejudice of peaceful outcome. The history of the last three or four months has pretty well exploded the idea that war with modern methods and mobilization might come at a moment's notice. While officially at peace, Japan has been practically on a war footing for some time. With danger and an antagonist worthy of your steel in sight, the work must begin long before negotiations reach the breaking point.

At all times fortified places and naval bases are inclosed on the maps by red rings, which mark what are known as non-photographic zones, where the most guileless man with a camera is liable to arrest to-day. These zones are practically sealed to foreigners. Thus only the residents may know what troops have arrived or what ships are in the bay. You hear that the Japanese navy is in readiness at Sasebo, that troops are being moved quietly, and that is all. No true friend of Japan can do otherwise than welcome this until hostilities are actually begun and peace-time opportunities are no longer open to every Russian spy.

Again and again we meet with incidents showing how the masterly system of the General Staff is abetted by the patriotic instinct of the Japanese. The Government can be Teutonic in its methods without being Teutonic in form. If you see a naval or a military photograph in a shop, and try to buy it, you are told that it is not for sale. When every Japanese is on the lookout, lest the Russians should get information, a Government order needs no enforcement.

Knowing that Tokio is one of the five great military centres, one may well ask where the officers and men keep in hiding. Occasionally you see a detail passing through the streets. The soldier himself, if he has leave, does not spend it in town. His country is too poor to afford him money for luxuries. He serves the Mikado for food and clothes and out of a conscript's patriotism. Never do you see him brawling or intoxicated. His officers, who always appear in uniform and therefore are recognized, seem to avoid public places. With impressions of gold braid in Continental cafés, and of the idling that goes with all great conscript armies, fresh in mind, one comes to an Oriental land to find the contrast of officers always at work. Though these sturdy, neat, self-contained men are off duty, they walk as they would march.

Passing to the suburbs, you come into the zone of the barracks, that are points encircling the widespread city of two-story wooden houses. This morning I went out to Setagoya, where the first brigade of artillery is established. I knew that I had arrived when I saw a great field where horses and men and guns in many separate evolutions were throwing up clouds of dust. From a distance you felt the spirit that prevailed on that field. The paly effect of the workers in the civil world has passed with the kimono and the taking on of the military blouse and tunic. This was not a parade ground but a work ground. The rows of simple wooden buildings were as significant of hard living as the sturdy frames of the men were of good nourishment. The famous officer received me in a room bare of ornaments. There was no heat, except the charcoal brazier. His men keep warm by keeping busy. Leaving out other forms and details, for three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon there is hard physical drill; if not with the guns then with gymnastics. Every recruit must learn his goosestep. He must keep marching up and down the barrack yard till arms swing and legs go up with automatic precision. The goosestep is easier than riding. The Japanese does not belong to a riding race, and the Japanese horse does not welcome pupils. Yet with all the rigors of the régime there is rarely a desertion. The men come from the rural districts. The range of selection is extensive. Even that does not account for the contrast between the material and the finished product. If you wonder how the man in the kimono is formed so quickly into the rigidity that fills a modern uniform to martial admiration, you wonder equally where the reservist disappears. The recruit is at heart a soldier

before he enters the army. War is in his blood. He and his ancestors were reared in reverence for personal prowess. In this age, when Japan has become a part of the great world, his body is the moiety that he offers her, giving form to the spirit of his hope that he may help a little in making his little land great. His superiors are as indefatigable as he.

"Do you never get tired," I asked one officer, "neither you nor your men?"

"Oh, yes, we get tired—very tired sometimes."

"But you never show it."



THE RUSSIAN TRANSPORT "YENISEI," SUNK AT PORT ARTHUR

This vessel was employed in laying mines in the harbor of Port Arthur. Admiral Alexieff reported on February 13 that she was blown up by accidentally striking one of these. Ninety-one officers and men were lost. The ports at the stern were used in the laying of submarine mines.

The response was a laugh—that little, meaning Japanese laugh which as good as said: "Why should we show it?" The chivalry of feudal Japan was based on the idea of not showing it. The officers' orders click like the mechanism of the guns, which are a part of a machine with human components. They have German precision without German heaviness. The plan of the work of their field batteries is the one thing that recalls the Gallic comparison. The lieutenant, when he reports to his colonel, comes tripping rather than walking—tripping out of very love of his work. Every moment on duty seems at the double-quick. Ask a group of officers about the war, and they smile—that smile which means intensity. Imagine the officers of other races in such a crisis, and I see them rapping the tables at cafés and drinking "Speedy death and quick promotion"; but this army drills and drills. "It is hard to have to wait so long," said one officer. That was all.

REFORMING THE BRITISH ARMY

With the United States and Germany to pattern after, England hopes to get her fighting machine in good running order

AFTER England made peace with the Boers and began to take account of the cost, when a royal commission was appointed to try and find out why there had been so many "regrettable incidents," and why there had been such hopeless confusion and dis-

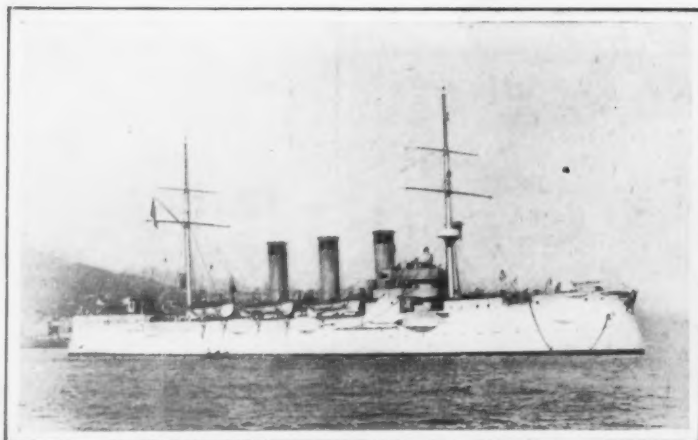
organization, everybody said that after the papers had printed the regulation number of "leaders," and Parliament had leisurely debated the iniquities of the War Office, the whole subject would be forgotten, and the next war would find England equally unprepared. "It was the same after the Crimea," said the club pundits over their after-dinner cigars as they recalled the ghastly mistakes made in that campaign, the outcry that was raised when the fighting was over, the investigation that followed, which led to nothing. The Englishman has almost the fatalism of the Oriental in his sublime faith that England always manages to muddle through despite incompetence and unpreparedness. She made deplorable mistakes in the Crimea, and yet brought Russia to her knees. She suffered untold humiliation at the hands of a minor nation, but in the end she won. The star of destiny still blazed in England's firmament.

But men who believed that after the pain of wounded vanity no longer stung the cause would be forgotten reckoned not on the personality and pertinacity of their king. King Edward has been termed the best diplomat in the British service, and he must also be regarded as the foremost of British statesmen and one of its leading men of affairs. The public might want to forget a somewhat inglorious chapter in its history, the cabinet was only too willing to have an embarrassing subject conveniently shelved, but not so the king. He practically appointed a commission to investigate the question, and he selected as its chairman Lord Esher, the deputy-governor of Windsor Castle, a man of marked business abilities and who has before this demonstrated his fitness for work of this kind. The king wanted results, and he knew the man to accomplish them.

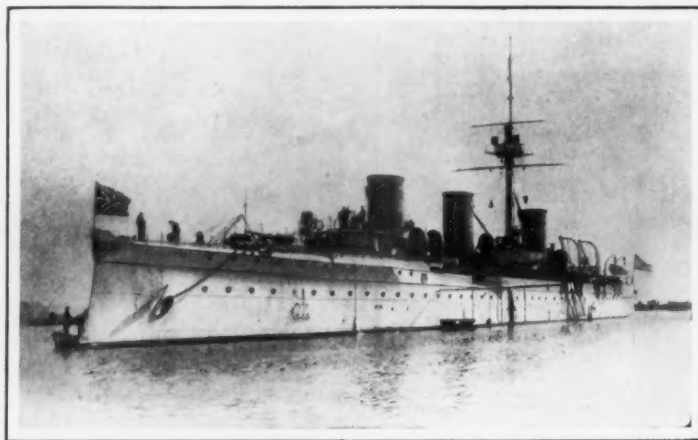
The reforms recommended by Lord Esher, Sir George Sydenham Clarke (the Governor of Victoria), and Admiral Fisher, the members of the commission, appear almost revolutionary to Englishmen steeped in the prejudice of conservatism, although it is the system which owes its existence to the creative genius of the greatest master of military science of modern times, Count von Moltke, and, with some modifications, has been recently adopted by the United States. In England, as in America before the creation of the general staff, control of the army was divided between the Horse Guards and the War Office, the commander-in-chief presiding at the Horse Guards, and the Secretary of State for War at the War Office, just as in America there was a commanding general (who commanded nothing in time of peace) and a Secretary of War. And in England as in America it often happened that the commander-in-chief and the Secretary of State for War were not on the most friendly terms, and while the commander-in-chief proposed the Secretary disposed by putting the commander-in-chief's recommendations in a pigeon-hole. Small wonder, then, that the machine creaked.

The creation of the general staff in America legislated the commanding general out of existence. Lord Esher abolishes the commander-in-chief and substitutes a military council which is responsible only to the Secretary for War, and becomes in effect his military cabinet. In other words, England has at last adopted the general staff system. The success of the scheme depends, of course, upon the ability of the men who constitute the staff. If they are military men in the true sense of the word, if they are progressive and take their work seriously, the system will be a success, but not otherwise. No fault can be found with the paper scheme, but, after all, incompetent men will ruin the best plans, and a bad plan in the hands of a man of ability will be made to work.

The weakness of the British army is the frivolous attitude of the army officer. Personally brave, professionally he is a nincompoop, to whom polo is much more important than the study of tactics. The American and German army officer is a professional man who endeavors to become a master of his profession and makes it his life study; the British army officer is a dilettante whose soldiery is merely an incident in his career. If the king can impress upon his officers the importance of being earnest, he will have once more earned the gratitude of his people.—From our London Correspondent.

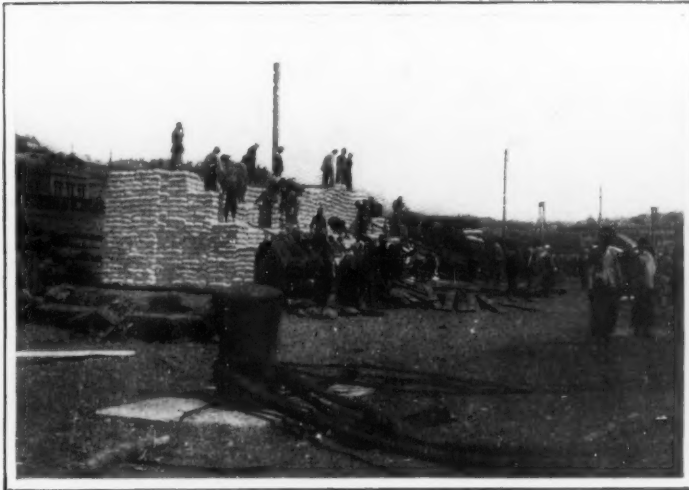


The protected cruiser "Boyarin" was accidentally blown up by a Russian mine in the harbor of Port Arthur on February 13 and her whole crew of 200 men lost. The "Boyarin" had taken part in the battle of February 9. She was the same size as the "Novik," and, like her, came from the Schichau yard at Danzig.



The protected cruiser "Novik" was disabled off Port Arthur in the second engagement of the war, on February 9. She was one of the smallest but fastest cruisers of the Russian navy, her tonnage being 3,200 and her speed 25 knots. Built at Danzig in 1900, the "Novik" was equipped with six 4.7-inch quick-firing and thirteen smaller guns.

TWO VESSELS OF RUSSIA'S ILL-FATED PORT ARTHUR FLEET



Bags of American flour on the dock at Vladivostok, to be transported inland to feed the Russian Army operating against the Japanese in Southern Manchuria



Military transport wagons in front of Army headquarters at Vladivostok, Russia's seaport on the Pacific, and a city of great strategic importance in the present campaign

WAR PREPARATIONS AT RUSSIA'S BASE OF SUPPLIES AT THE TERMINUS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY



LIEUT.-COM. IVANOFF KRAFT
Executive Officer of the "Variag"



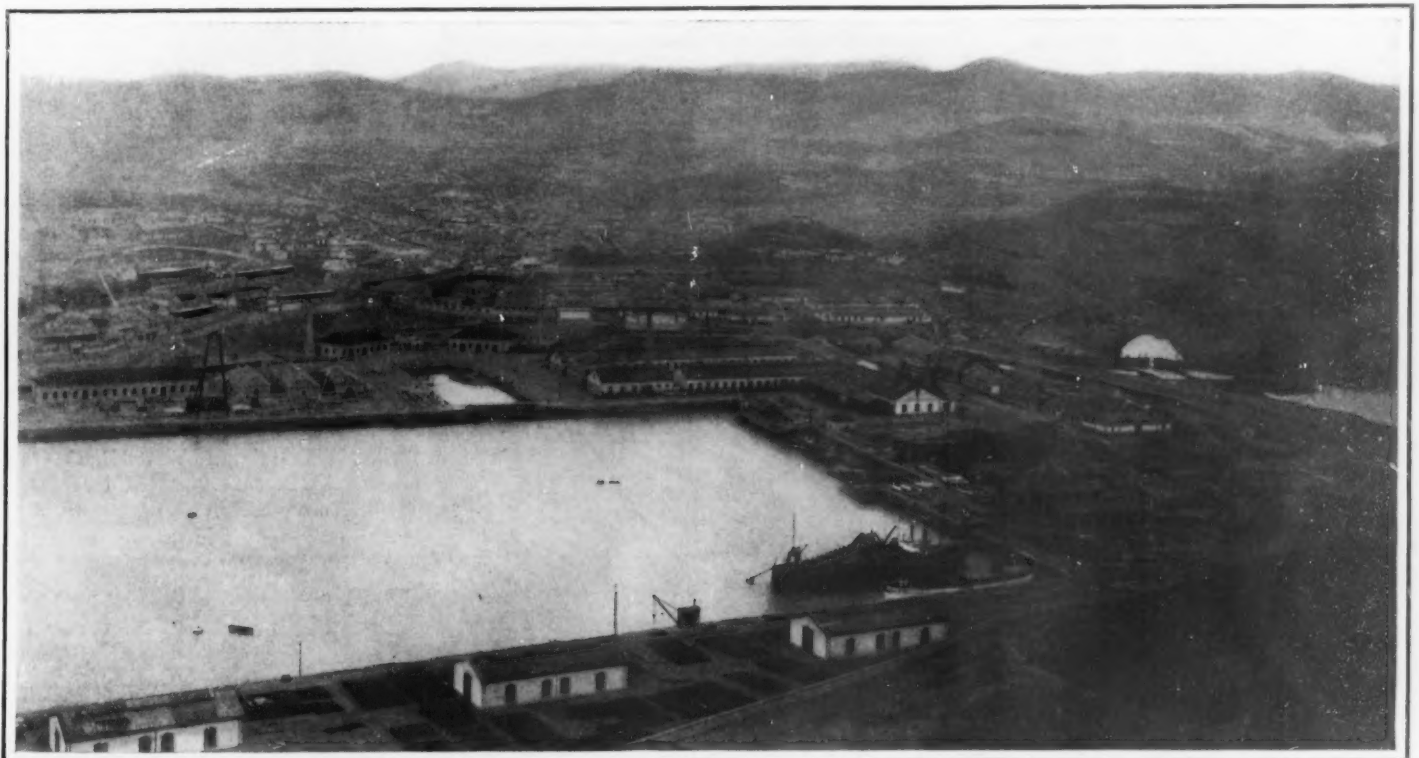
THE CREW OF THE "VARIAG"

On February 9, the Russian cruisers "Variag" and "Koriets" steamed out of Chemulpo Harbor to face a superior Japanese force under Admiral Uriu. Both Russian ships sank after being driven back into port. On the "Variag" thirty-seven were killed and forty-two wounded, the survivors taking refuge on foreign vessels in the harbor



CAPTAIN VLADIMIR BEHR
Commander of the "Variag"

RUSSIAN OFFICERS AND MEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE NAVAL BATTLE OFF CHEMULPO HARBOR



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR LOOKING LANDWARD FROM THE FORTIFICATIONS

In the foreground are the naval docks and the basin, with machine shops near by. The indentation on the far side is the drydock where the warships torpedoed by the Japanese in the action of February 9 are now being repaired. Beyond may be seen military barracks and storehouses, and part of the city proper



ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF

This officer, Aide-de-camp-General to the Czar, was last autumn appointed "Viceroy of the Far East." Intrusted with the Civil Administration of the Amur district and adjacent dependencies, he was also given command of Russia's military and naval forces in Eastern Asia

of the Chinese Empire, and as such, although in the military occupation of Russia, was not to be regarded differently from any other part of China and could not be exploited solely for the benefit of Russia, who would not be allowed to place the commerce of all the rest of the world at a disadvantage.

Secretary Hay has now gone one step further. He invited the great nations of the world to say to both Russia and Japan that in the military operations the neutrality of China shall be respected by both parties, and the area of hostilities shall be localized and limited as much as possible, so that undue excitement and disturbance of the Chinese people may be prevented, and the least possible loss to the commercial and peaceful intercourse of the world may be occasioned. It was not only a bold step, but it was a wise and far-seeing one. At the moment when war broke out between Russia and Japan it needed but a spark to have set all of China aflame and to have caused such a mighty conflagration that it would have taken the united efforts of the world to extinguish it. There was grave danger of a repetition of the Boxer outrages, of the Chinese court fleeing from the capital, of every foreigner being massacred. China is between the upper and the nether millstone, and whether Russia or Japan shall prove victorious, she is in danger of being crushed to atoms. The world could not look on an unmoved witness of that spectacle;

and yet so great is the jealousy of all the European nations that no nation dared to take the initiative and do that which all admit was of world-wide necessity. It remained for the American Secretary of State to open the way; in effect, to serve notice on both belligerents, that no matter how much damage they might do to each other, they would not be permitted to encroach upon the rights of neutral nations.

That is sufficient for the present, but even more important results may be seen in the future. Whether Russia or Japan is victorious in the contest, when the sword is sheathed and the guns no longer talk the voice of diplomacy will be heard. Undoubtedly there will be another international conference, similar in many respects to that held at Berlin after Russia was stopped at the gates of Constantinople by the action of England, in which the rights of China no less than that of all the rest of the world will be strictly defined, and China will not be dismembered by the rapacity of the conqueror. In that conference the United States, because of its great commercial interests in Manchuria, will participate, and the United States can count upon the support of the powers that have joined with it in notifying Russia and Japan that the neutrality of China must be respected. American diplomacy, working quietly and above board, has accomplished results, and that, after all, is the aim of diplomacy. It is not so very many years ago that a desire evinced by America to initiate some momentous political action involving European states would have been regarded as the impertinence of an upstart. But we have changed all that. We have made our way to the front of international authority. The rest of the world now respects, though it may not love, us, and the proof is that Mr. Hay's aforesaid proposals met with immediate approval from the powers he memorialized. Whether or not the Czar's ministry meets his suggestions in the spirit hoped for, the fact remains that we led and Europe followed.



JOHN F. SHAFROTH

The Representative from Colorado who voluntarily relinquished his seat in the Lower House of Congress

MR. SHAFROTH GIVES UP HIS SEAT

The Colorado Congressman voluntarily resigns in favor of the contestant because of election frauds

AGAINST all known precedents in the annals of Congress, a Representative—John F. Shafroth of Colorado—voluntarily relinquished his seat in the House on Feb. 15, on the ground that his election was obtained by fraud. In one of the most dramatic speeches made on the floor of the House in many years, Mr. Shafroth boldly proclaimed himself as holding a seat to which he had no legal right. He declared that the frauds were perpetrated without his knowledge or connivance, and, declining, as an honest citizen, to wink at the perversion of justice, tendered his resignation. The installation of the contestant, Robert W. Bonyne, a lawyer and former Colorado legislator, followed. Mr. Shafroth's action, regardless of the impending and supposedly adverse report of the committee, was warmly applauded on both sides of the chamber, and the Democratic members rose en masse to congratulate him on the manly stand he had taken.

Mr. Bonyne had massed a host of affidavits to substantiate his claim of fraud. They charged irregularities of the most serious nature in the city of Denver, particularly in F and H Districts, in the ballots cast in 1902 for the Democratic ticket. It was shown that parties interested in the Democratic ticket had "repeated," marked fraudulent ballots, padded the polling and registration lists, and committed various other offences heinous from the viewpoint of good politics. The affidavits showed the quickness with which some of the women, who were lately extended the elective franchise, grasped the privilege; for many of the fraudulent ballots were cast by women voters. Under an agreement, ballots from the contested precincts were shipped to Washington and examined by an expert authorized by the elections committee. Following the expert's report, Mr. Shafroth, as well as his contestant, was allowed to examine the ballots, and it was then, Mr. Shafroth says, that he discovered the taint of fraud, in effect giving him a greater plurality than his returned majority. With voice trembling with emotion, Mr. Shafroth delivered his farewell to his colleagues, and a succession of tributes to his honest conception of patriotic duty followed from men of both parties. Mr. Shafroth took occasion to deny that the disclosures would have the slightest effect on the status of Senator Teller, the Democratic member of the Upper House, who made a bold exhibit of sacrifice to political principle some years ago. That Mr. Shafroth acted in a manly way is conceded; that he would have been unseated is probable, and that his quick action—in all the glare of the limelight, with his sharp thrust at the spectre of corruption—will profit him in the long run, is certain.

SECRETARY HAY'S DIPLOMACY

China saved from anarchy and the world from war by American far-seeing statesmanship

ONCE again the United States has taken the lead in international affairs. For the second time in a few years the Government of the United States has done a service to all the world in extending a friendly hand to China and saving that unhappy and impotent country from the rapacity of some of the predatory powers. It was Mr. Hay who proposed to the great nations the maintenance of the "open door" in China and the territorial integrity of that Empire. The adhesion of the leading European powers to the principle of equal trade opportunities in China was one of the most signal achievements of modern diplomacy. It was an acknowledgment on the part of all the world, and especially on the part of Russia, that Manchuria was an integral portion



ADMIRAL URIU

The Commander of the squadron which sank the Russian cruisers "Varyag" and "Koriets" off Chemulpo graduated from Annapolis in 1882. In the war with China he commanded the cruiser "Naniwa," and won promotion for his conspicuous gallantry at the battle of the Yalu

THE CUBAN SPIRIT OF RECIPROCITY

This does not seem to be the same as ours, as imports from the United States have been constantly decreasing

CUBA speeded the parting even more heartily than she welcomed the coming guest. Having been commended by President Palma, on the occasion of our departure, for our magnanimity both in coming and going, we would like to see some reciprocity in the magnanimity business. No sooner had the last of the United States troops departed than Cuba added a few extra tiers to her tariff wall. The bricks must have been at hand and the mortar mixed; for even when Mr. Palma, in his speech at the evacuation, was thanking the United States for her magnanimity in withdrawing, the order increasing the tariff rates was evidently already prepared, for it was signed and put into effect the same day.

The United States has been somewhat favored in these tariff changes, but to so slight an extent as would hardly, from the American viewpoint, bring credit to Cuba for carrying out the spirit of reciprocity. The increases which Cuba has just made, on certain lines of fabrics, give some advantages to American manufacturers over their British and Continental competitors. But Cuba, while increasing duties on competitive goods only slightly, has placed the maximum rates of increase on practically all goods bought solely from the United States. This is notably true of food materials, the price of which is thereby made higher for the Cuban consumer.

The Cuban Government seems to have been influenced in this matter more by the Spanish merchants of Havana than by motives of sympathy toward ourselves. As to this, some of our Cuban friends have said: "Well, why not? Do you expect us to destroy our Spanish and British trade?" As a fact, there are good reasons why the spirit of reciprocity might well have been carried out in the raising of duties made necessary in Cuba by the reduction of revenue through the lowering of other duties. The United States takes almost everything that Cuba has to sell, and very naturally wants to sell to Cuba the bulk of what Cuba buys. But the new republic has not, since the beginning of the American occupation, been purchasing liberally from us. On the contrary, imports from the United States have been falling off. If there is to be genuine reciprocity, truly beneficial to both countries, it should be carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter. The United States will scarcely care to continue experiments in reciprocity unless for practical benefit to the big Republic as well as the little one.

A "PROTOCOL" AT WASHINGTON

European ambassadors want more fuss and feathers, cavalry escorts, pomp, and gold lace

BECAUSE the President ordered a cavalry escort to meet Secretary Taft when he arrived in Washington, and also paid Secretary Root the same honor when he left Washington to return to New York, the ambassadors are indignant. If an ordinary member of the Cabinet, they say, is entitled to a troop of cavalry, an ambassador, if he is to be treated with proper respect, should have a regiment at least, and the band thrown in. So they have gone to work to draw up a protocol, which is something only an ambassador can do, that shall narrowly define the privileges to which they are entitled and shall set forth in detail all the ceremonies in connection with their presentation. They would like to have it made more stately, they want more pomp and gold lace, and to have it more nearly an imitation of the European show. Perhaps their modest desires may be gratified; perhaps they may not, and in that case it is awful to contemplate what may happen.

MARK HANNA : PRESIDENT MAKER

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

IT WAS not until Mark—Marcus Alonzo—Hanna was fifty-eight years old, well on the way toward fifty-nine, that he became widely known. In fact, until the summer of 1896 he was not well known even in his native Ohio. But since then he has been continuously on the national stage, always a conspicuous member of the conspicuous group.

The story of his sudden blazing forth is the inside story of two of the remarkable achievements of our political history.

As the Presidential year 1896 opened, the outlook for the Republican party was dark indeed. The "money question" with which both parties had been flirting for years had at last forged to the front and was demanding serious attention, was scorning coquetries. A very large part of the main body of the Republican voters—the farmers—had seceded to the People's party, and a large part of those who remained were clearly preparing to follow their departed brethren. The Eastern wing of the Republican party was clamoring for gold, was denouncing the free-silver seceders as lunatics; the Western wing was denouncing the gold standard, was clamoring for the free coinage which their leaders had been tentatively promising. The Democratic party, on the other hand, had been captured by its anti-gold standard section and was making what promised to be an overwhelmingly successful alliance with the People's party. The Eastern Republicans refused to believe that the danger of a disturbance of the money standard was real, laughed at the warnings of the Western Republican leaders, and were insisting upon and were preparing to get an Eastern gold-standard man nominated by the party for President. All who know American politics know now how fatal to the Republican party in that campaign would have been the success of the Eastern leaders, blind as always to what is going on outside their own section.

But they did not get their demands, and the reason they did not was—Mark Hanna.

Born in a small Ohio town—New Lisbon—on September 24, 1837, educated in the public schools there, and at the Western Reserve College, he had gone into his father's prosperous wholesale grocery business and, after thirty years of shrewd hard work, had become eight or ten times a millionaire. Like most men in that Western country—and most women, and most children—he had a passion and a natural gift for politics. As his business had a political side, forcing him into touch with political machines, local, State, and national, he had every opportunity to gratify his passion and to develop his gift. He and William McKinley had been friends and admirers each of the other's character and ability since young manhood. Mr. McKinley wished to be President and felt that the time for him to accomplish his ambition had arrived. And Mark Hanna felt that the crisis in the party's and the nation's politics called for his friend and idol, and he dropped his business and brought all the power of his mind, trained to both business and politics, to the task of creating and launching and successfully piloting the McKinley boom.

This is neither the time nor the place for describing that boom—its intricate machinery, its ingenious engineering, its amazing adaptation to the work of creating a "spontaneous demand" for Mr. McKinley. It is sufficient to say that even the Eastern Republican leaders whose ambitions it wrecked were forced to admire, were forced to hail Mark Hanna as the master machine politician of his time. When the Republican Convention met in June, 1896, Mr. McKinley was triumphantly nominated on the first ballot, and the Eastern Republicans and "sound-money" men were driven to choose between Mr. McKinley, whose fidelity to the gold standard they suspected, and the Democratic-Populist Mr. Bryan, who was the avowed advocate of free coinage at 16 to 1. And Mr. Hanna's candidate called loudly for a restoration of high tariffs as the cure-all for the farmer's woes, and so stayed the rush of Republican farmers to Bryan, where a denunciation of "silver" would at that time have driven them away in droves.

No doubt it was merely an accident that Mr. Hanna happened to be the devoted admirer of the ideal candidate, from the Republican and anti-free silver standpoint. No doubt, had he happened to be the personal friend and political advocate of a less admirably adapted man for the crisis, he would have worked just as hard and just as successfully for him, and so would have helped Mr. Bryan to victory. But the facts remain that Mr. Hanna's man was the right man for the Republican crisis, and that Mr. Hanna so engineered politics that his man got the nomination.

But greater than this preliminary achievement was the election of Mr. McKinley—and for that event Mr. Hanna has never received his full measure of credit, except from the "insiders."

There never was a better managed political campaign in this country, from the practical politician's standpoint, than that which Mr. Hanna conducted in the summer and fall of 1896. There is a widespread impression that Mr. Bryan was easily and overwhelmingly beaten. The reverse is the truth. He was beaten with the utmost difficulty, was beaten by a very small margin. Mr. McKinley had a large popular majority, but that is unimportant. His

electoral majority was also large—95 electoral votes. But an analysis of the returns by States shows how dangerously near to election Mr. Bryan came. West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, North Dakota, California,

toral votes from Mr. McKinley to Mr. Bryan and would have elected Mr. Bryan.

Those figures are important to any proper sketch of Mr. Hanna's career, because they give a tangible measure of the enormous task which he so successfully performed. While Mr. Bryan was sweeping the usually Republican rural districts, Mr. Hanna was snatching from the Democratic-Populist combine the usually Democratic cities and towns.

His methods? Mr. Hanna was a machine politician, an unusually business-like machine politician. He believed in educating voters capable of receiving education. But he was not the man to let his party lose because the other fellow had "influenced" the "floating vote" which holds the balance of power in any close and doubtful State. His nature was blunt and frank, and naturally his methods were the same.

Thus he emerged from obscurity and took the middle of the stage amid shouts of execration and abhorrence from his opponents, and much wincing and shuddering among his fellow-partisans. The man who, in 1896—or in 1897, or even as late as 1899—would have been predicted that Mark Hanna would ever be seriously suggested as a Presidential candidate, would have been regarded as a lunatic.

Yet when Mr. Hanna was seized by his last illness, he was not merely a Presidential possibility; he was in a fair way to contest the Republican nomination with Mr. Roosevelt, and if he had by chance beaten Mr. Roosevelt he and his friends would have been justified in hoping that his popularity plus his machine would elect him.

The explanation for this amazing change is by no means complex. When Mr. Hanna made his first bow to the public, the worst that could be said of him was said at once; the least engaging aspects of his character were all presented to the people. Thereafter, all that was new that came to public notice was distinctly in his favor. The people discovered that there were many and big other sides to him, that he was a great deal more than a political corruptionist and boodle funds collector and manufacturer of the apparently necessary but hideously unsightly political machinery. They learned to like his blunt and business-like and common-sense public speaking. They learned to respect the sincerity of his motives, the honesty of his convictions, and the sanity of his judgment. And, as he dealt with large public affairs, his mind grew and his horizon also, and he showed an unusual freedom from class prejudice—a fine, and in some respects high, conception of the meaning of this great, peaceful, democratic Republic.

To attribute to him idealism of any sort, beyond such idealism as he showed in his beautiful love of William McKinley, would be absurd—as absurd as to call him a rascally destroyer of the purity of our politics. But his record as Senator since 1897 has been that of an honest and broad-minded Republican partisan. And, while he has been savagely criticised for carrying out, and striving to carry out, political bargains which, if politics were academic, would never have been made, on the other hand, even his severest critics admit that he has done with frank openness nothing but what all politicians do as secretly as they can, but none the less determinedly. Nor is it necessary to decide here whether this openness was due to lack of delicacy or to abhorrence of hypocrisy.

As was suggested above, the movement to substitute him for Mr. Roosevelt as the Republican nominee was just definitely taking shape among the powerful men in the Republican machine, and in the small but mighty body of big "campaign-fund contributors." It would be useless to relate how strong this movement was—with his death all opposition to Mr. Roosevelt has completely collapsed, for the time at least. But more than two hundred delegates for Hanna had already been practically assured. The conflict would certainly have been sharp had he lived and regained his health.

The interesting question now is, What will become of his "machine"? It was his; it was anti-Roosevelt; it was the most effective militant part of the Republican national organization; and it had practically everywhere successfully blocked Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to build up a rival machine.

Mr. Hanna thought that he saw looming, just as formidably as the money question loomed eight years ago, a labor question that was fraught with even greater perils. His efforts in the past two years were directed to getting himself and his machine and his party into position to deal with this question along lines which he regarded as conservative and wise and just. His antagonism to Mr. Roosevelt, while in part based upon his fear that Mr. Roosevelt was a man of war rather than a man of peace, was chiefly based upon a feeling that Mr. Roosevelt's judgment of the labor question was neither sound nor stable. And those in a position to know, say that Mr. Roosevelt's respect for Mr. Hanna as a judge of policy and opinion, and as the leader of the Republican party, was a restraining and sobering influence of no small force. Whether this was true will probably soon appear.

But—What will become of Mr. Hanna's "machine"? That is his entire political estate.



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MARCUS ALONZO HANNA

HANNA : FEBRUARY 15, 1904

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

True Kinsman of the line American!
Whose leaders, ever, were born under stars
Which they themselves here braved,
Each dauntless man,
And clashed against as brazen shields of War's,
And smote and beat, and struck out bale and ban
From their blurred disks and facets till their light
Of dark portent was rendered fair and bright
In all men's sight.
Spirits inspired were they.
Even from that far day
Our ocean-hidden country heaved its rim
Into the prayerful, tearful eyes of him
Jehovah sent as Heaven's own courier,
That spirit first, the rapt Discoverer.
And then—and then—through years of hopes chained
Still
By pitiless tyranny and intolerant will,
Nathless the mighty Spirits yearned this way,
Aye, moved this way when came the Mayflower crew.
And from this leavening more swiftly grew
The list of brave Free Men
Who dared to strive and do
Or fail and strive again,
As God inspired them to do—
Until—a warrior host of these! And one
Was Washington.
Ah, and the glorious line of kindred souls
Since then! The all-sacred list of them unrolls
In such a galaxy of stately names
As well makes noonday of the darkest night;
And, glittering and leaping like glad flames,
Each blazes there
An individual splendor, though they fuse, and share
One vast, white purity of Christlike light—
The light of love for all mankind! See how
It glitters now
In Lincoln's name, and where
The dazzling, chaste illumination blends
With Garfield's and McKinley's, and so lends
The sacred symbol there—
That triple martyrdom of those who died
For the love Human which they sanctified.
And these were of his day who slumbers here
All peacefully.
As they are dear to us, this man is dear,
Being of them purely, e'en with smile and tear.
They, they were of his day and memory
And reverence. Aye, they were kin of him—
Brothers, in truth, in broad humanity
And joy in every human good there is.
Like them he fought for Mankind's victory,
Like them, too, he has gained.
Like them he has strained
To the full stature and maturity
Of simple greatness (greater may not be).
His latest smile, in glory like the Sun,
Has fallen with equal love on everyone.

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and Oregon are six States which from the outset of that campaign were claimed for Mr. Bryan, and with good reason. A change of less than 21,000 votes altogether, in those six States, would have turned 48 elec-



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THEIR FIRST MEETING—SOME YEARS

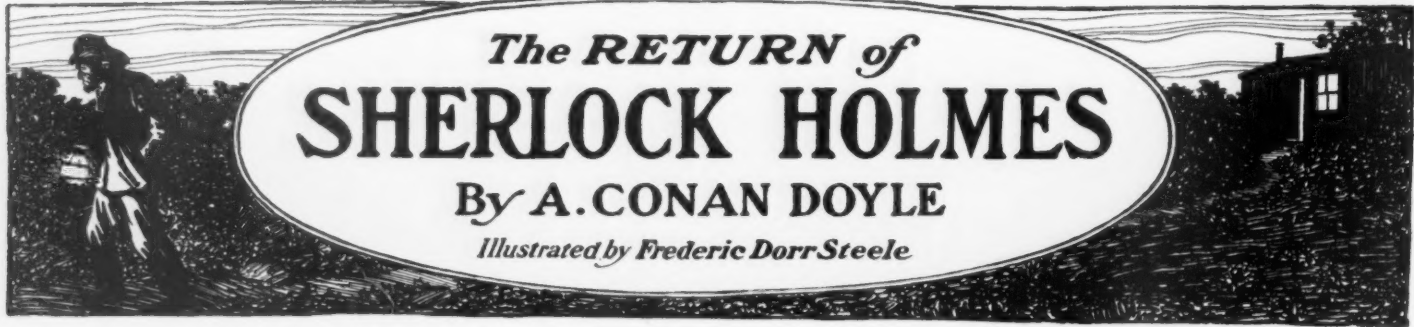
DRAWN BY CHARLES



YEARS AGO—NOW THEY ARE MARRIED

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRINT IN BINDING



THE ADVENTURE OF BLACK PETER

This is the sixth story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in October. The preceding Adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, and *The Priory School*. The next story, "*The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton*," will be published in the Household Number for April, dated March 26, 1904. There will be twelve stories in this new Sherlock Holmes series.

I HAVE never known my friend to be in better form, both mental and physical, than in the year '95. His increasing fame had brought with it an immense practice, and I should be guilty of an indiscretion if I were even to hint at the identity of some of the illustrious clients who crossed our humble threshold in Baker Street. Holmes, however, like all great artists, lived for his art's sake, and, save in the case of the Duke of Holderness, I have seldom known him claim any large reward for his inestimable services. So unworldly was he—or so capricious—that he frequently refused his help to the powerful and wealthy, where the problem made no appeal to his sympathies, while he would devote weeks of most intense application to the affairs of some humble client whose case presented those strange and dramatic qualities which appealed to his imagination and challenged his ingenuity.

In this memorable year '95 a curious and incongruous succession of cases had engaged his attention, ranging from his famous investigation of the sudden death of Cardinal Tosca—an inquiry which was carried out by him at the express desire of his Holiness the Pope—down to his arrest of Wilson, the notorious canary-trainer, which removed a plague-spot from the East End of London. Close on the heels of these two famous cases came the tragedy of Woodman's Lee, and the very obscure circumstances which surrounded the death of Captain Peter Carey. No record of the doings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes would be complete which did not include some account of this very unusual affair.

During the first week of July my friend had been absent so often and so long from our lodgings that I knew that he had something on hand. The fact that several rough-looking men called during that time and inquired for Captain Basil made me understand that Holmes was working somewhere under one of the numerous disguises and names with which he concealed his own formidable identity. He had at least five small refuges in different parts of London, in which he was able to change his personality. He said nothing of his business to me, and it was not my habit to force a confidence. The first positive sign which he gave me of the direction which his investigation was taking was an extraordinary one. He had gone out before breakfast, and I had sat down to mine, when he strode into the room, his hat upon his head, and a huge barbed-headed spear tucked like an umbrella under his arm. "Good gracious, Holmes!" I cried, "you don't mean to say that you have been walking about London with that thing?"

"I drove to the butcher's and back."

"The butcher's?"

"And I return with an excellent appetite. There can be no question, my dear Watson, of the value of exercise before breakfast. But I am prepared to bet that you will not guess the form that my exercise has taken."

"I will not attempt it."

He chuckled as he poured out the coffee.

"If you could have looked into Allardyce's back shop you would have seen a dead pig swung from a hook in the ceiling, and a gentleman in his shirt sleeves furiously stabbing at it with this weapon. I was that energetic person, and I have satisfied myself that by no exertion of my strength can I transfix the pig with a single blow. Perhaps you would care to try?"

"Not for worlds. But why were you doing this?"

"Because it seemed to me to have an indirect bearing upon the mys-

tery of Woodman's Lee. Ah, Hopkins, I got your wire last night, and I have been expecting you. Come and join us!"

Our visitor was an exceedingly alert man, thirty years of age, dressed in a quiet tweed suit, but retaining the erect bearing of one who was accustomed to official uniform. I recognized him at once as Stanley Hopkins, a young police inspector, for whose future Holmes had high hopes, while he in turn professed the admiration and respect of a pupil for the scientific methods of the famous amateur. Hopkins's brow was clouded, and he sat down with an air of deep dejection.

"No, thank you, sir. I breakfasted before I came round. I spent the night in town, for I came up yesterday to report."

"And what had you to report?"

"Failure, sir—absolute failure."

"You have made no progress?"

"None."

"Dear me, I must have a look at the matter!"

"I wish to heavens that you would, Mr. Holmes. It's my first big chance, and I am at my wit's end. For goodness' sake come down and lend me a hand."

"Well, well, it just happens that I have already read all the available evidence, including the report of the inquest, with some care. By the way, what do you make of that tobacco pouch found on the scene of the crime. Is there no clew there?"

Hopkins looked surprised.

"It was the man's own pouch, sir. His initials were inside it. And it was of sealskin—and he an old sealer."

"But he had no pipe."

"No, sir, we could find no pipe—indeed, he smoked very little. And yet he might have kept some tobacco for his friends."

"No doubt. I only mention it, because if I had been handling the case I should have been inclined to make that the starting point of my investigation. However, my friend Dr. Watson knows nothing of this matter, and I would be none the worse for hearing the sequence of events once more. Just give us some short sketch of the essentials."

Stanley Hopkins drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"I have a few dates here which will give you the career of the dead man, Captain Peter Carey. He was born in '45—fifty years of age. He was a most daring and successful seal and whale fisher. In 1883 he commanded the steam sealer *Sea Unicorn* of Dundee. He had then had several successful voyages in succession, and in the following year, 1884, he retired. After that he traveled for some years, and finally he bought a small place called Woodman's Lee, near Forest Row, in Sussex. There he has lived for six years, and there he died just a week ago to-day."

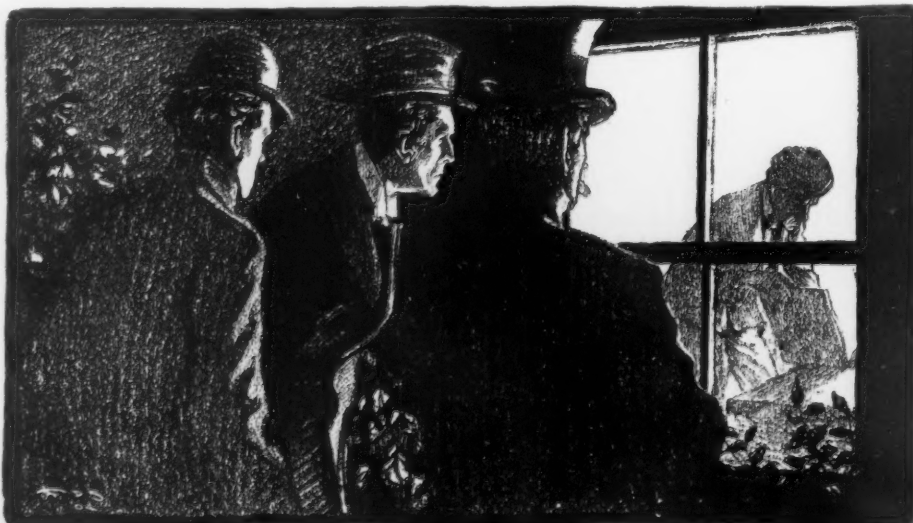
"There were some most singular points about the man. In ordinary life he was a strict Puritan—a silent, gloomy fellow. His household consisted of his wife, his daughter aged twenty, and two female servants. These last were continually changing, for it was never a very cheery situation, and sometimes it became fast all bearing. The man was an intermit-

tent drunkard, and when he had the fit on him he was a perfect fiend. He has been known to drive his wife and his daughter out of doors in the middle of the night, and flog them through the park until the whole village outside the gates was aroused by their screams. He was summoned once for a savage assault upon the old vicar, who had called upon him to remonstrate with him upon his conduct. In short, Mr. Holmes, you would go far before you found a more dangerous man than Peter Carey, and I have heard that he bore the same character when he commanded his ship. He was known in the trade as Black Peter, and the name was given him not only on account of his swarthy features, and the color of his huge beard, but for the humors which were the terror of all around him. I need not say that he was loathed and avoided by every one of his neighbors, and that I have not heard one single word of sorrow about his terrible end."

"You must have read in the account of the inquest about the man's cabin, Mr. Holmes; but perhaps your friend here has not heard of it. He had built himself a wooden outhouse—he always called it 'the cabin'—a few hundred yards from his house, and it was here that he slept every night. It was a little single-roomed hut, sixteen feet by ten. He kept the key in his pocket, made his own bed, cleaned it himself, and allowed no other foot to cross the threshold. There are small windows on each side, which were covered by curtains and never opened. One of these windows was turned toward the highroad, and when the light burned in it at night the folk used to point it out to each other and wonder what Black Peter was doing in there. That's the window, Mr. Holmes, which gave us one of the few bits of positive evidence that came out at the inquest. You remember that a stone-mason, named Slater, walking from Forest Row about one on the Monday morning—two days before the murder—stopped as he passed the grounds and looked at the square of light still shining among the trees. He swears that the shadow of a man's head turned sidewise was clearly visible on the blind, and that this shadow was certainly not that of Peter Carey, whom he knew well. It was that of a bearded man, but the beard was short and bristled forward in a way very different from that of the Captain. So he says, but he had been two hours in the public house, and it is some distance from the road to the window. Besides, this refers to the Monday night, and the crime was done upon the Wednesday."

"On the Tuesday Peter Carey was in one of his blackest moods, flushed with drink, and as savage as a dangerous wild beast. He roamed about the house, and the women ran for it when they heard him coming. Late in the evening he went down to his own hut. About two o'clock in the morning his daughter, who slept with her window open, heard a most fearful yell from that direction, but it was no unusual thing for him to bawl and shout when he was in drink, so no notice was taken. Next morning at seven one of the maids noticed that the door of the hut was open, but so great was the terror which the man caused that it was midday before any one would venture down to see what had become of him. Peeping into the open door, they saw a sight which sent them flying with white faces into the village. Within an hour I was on the spot and had taken over the case."

"Well, I have fairly steady nerves, as you know, Mr. Holmes, but I give you my word that I got a shake when I put my head into that little house. It was droning like a harmonium with the flies and blue-bottles, and the floor and walls were like a slaughter-house. He had called it a cabin, and a cabin it was sure enough, for you would have thought that you were in a ship. There was a bunk at one end, a sea chest, maps, and charts, a picture of the *Sea Unicorn*, a line of log-books on a shelf, all exactly as one would expect to find it in a captain's room. And there



WE WATCHED HIM. . . HE RETURNED WITH A LARGE BOOK

in the middle of it was the man himself, his face twisted like a damned soul in hell, and his great brindled beard stuck upward in his agony. Right through his broad breast a steel harpoon had been driven, and it had sunk deep into the wood of the wall behind him. He was pinned like a beetle on a card. Of course, he was quite dead, and had been so from the instant that he had uttered that last yell of agony.

"I know your methods, sir, and I applied them. Before I permitted anything to be moved I examined most carefully the ground outside, and also the floor of the room. There were no footmarks."

"Meaning that you saw none?"

"I assure you, sir, that there were none."

"My good Hopkins, I have investigated many crimes, but I have never yet seen one which was committed by a flying creature. As long as the criminal remains upon two legs, so long must there be some indentation, some abrasion, some trifling displacement which can be detected by the scientific searcher. It is incredible that this blood-bespattered room contained no trace which could have aided us. I understand, however, from the inquest that there were some objects which you failed to overlook."

The young Inspector winced at my companion's ironical comments.

"I was a fool not to call you in at the time, Mr. Holmes. However, that's past praying for now. Yes, there were several objects in the room which called for special attention. One was the harpoon with which the deed was committed. It had been snatched down from a rack on the wall. Two others remained there, and there was a vacant place for the third. On the stock was engraved 'ss. Sea Unicorn, Dundee.' This seemed to establish that the crime had been done in a moment of fury, and that the murderer had seized the first weapon which came in his way. The fact that the crime was committed at two in the morning, and yet Peter Carey was fully dressed, suggested that he had an appointment with the murderer, which is borne out by the fact that a bottle of rum and two dirty glasses lay upon the table."

"Yes," said Holmes, "I think that both inferences are permissible. Was there any other spirit but rum in the room?"

"Yes, there was a Tantalus containing brandy and whiskey on the sea-chest. It is of no importance to us, however, since the decanters were full and it had therefore not been used."

"For all that its presence has some significance," said Holmes. "However, let us hear some more about the objects which do seem to you to bear upon the case."

"There was this tobacco pouch upon the table."

"What part of the table?"

"It lay in the middle. It was of coarse sealskin—the straight-haired skin, with a leather thong to bind it. Inside was P. C. on the flap. There was half an ounce of strong ship's tobacco in it."

"Excellent! What more?"

Stanley Hopkins drew from his pocket a drab-covered note-book. The outside was rough and worn, the leaves discolored. On the first page was written the initials J. H. N. and the date 1883. Holmes laid it on the table and examined it in his minute way, while Hopkins and I gazed over each shoulder. On the second page were the printed letters C. P. R., and then came several sheets of numbers. Another heading was Argentine, another Costa Rica, and another San Paulo, each with pages of signs and figures after it.

"What do you make of these?" asked Holmes.

"They appear to be lists of stock exchange securities. I thought that J. H. N. were the initials of a broker, and that C. P. R. may have been his client."

"Try Canadian Pacific Railway," said Holmes.

Stanley Hopkins swore between his teeth, and struck his thigh with his clinched hand.

"What a fool I have been!" he cried. "Of course, it is as you say. Then J. H. N. are the only initials we have to solve. I have already examined the old Stock Exchange lists, and I can find no one in 1883 either in the House or among the outside brokers whose initials correspond with these. Yet I feel that the clew is the most important one that I hold. You will admit, Mr. Holmes, that there is a possibility that these initials are those of the second person who was present—in other words of the murderer. I would also urge that the introduction into the case of a document relating to large masses of valuable securities gives us for the first time some indication of a motive for the crime."

Sherlock Holmes's face showed that he was thoroughly taken aback by this new development.

"I must admit both your points," said he. "I confess that this note-book, which did not appear at the inquest, modifies any views which I may have formed. I had come to a theory of the crime in which I can find no place for this. Have you endeavored to trace any of the securities here mentioned?"

"Inquiries are now being made at the offices, but I fear that the complete register of the stockholders of these South American concerns is in South America, and that some weeks must elapse before we can trace the shares."

Holmes had been examining the cover of the note-book with his magnifying lens.

"Surely there is some discoloration here," said he.

"Yes, sir, it is a blood stain. I told you that I picked the book off the floor."

"Was the blood stain above or below?"

"On the side next the boards."

"Which proves, of course, that the book was dropped after the crime was committed?"

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. I appreciated that point, and I conjectured that it was dropped by the murderer in his hurried flight. It lay near the door."

"I suppose that none of these securities have been found among the property of the dead man?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any reason to suspect robbery?"

"No, sir. Nothing seemed to have been touched."

"Dear me, it is certainly a very interesting case. Then there was a knife, was there not?"

"A sheath knife, still in its sheath. It lay at the feet of the dead man. Mrs. Carey has identified it as being her husband's property."

Holmes was lost in thought for some time.

"Well," said he at last, "I suppose I shall have to come out and have a look at it."

Stanley Hopkins gave a cry of joy.

"Thank you, sir. That will indeed be a weight off my mind."

Holmes shook his finger at the Inspector.

"It would have been an easier task a week ago," said he. "But even now my visit may not be entirely fruit-

walled, shingle-roofed, one window beside the door, and one on the further side. Stanley Hopkins drew the key from his pocket and had stooped to the lock, when he paused with a look of attention and surprise upon his face. "Some one has been tampering with it," he said.

There could be no doubt of the fact. The woodwork was cut and the scratches showed white through the paint, as if they had been that instant done. Holmes had been examining the window.

"Some one has tried to force this also. Whoever it was has failed to make his way in. He must have been a very poor burglar."

"This is a most extraordinary thing," said the Inspector. "I could swear that these marks were not here yesterday evening."

"Some curious person from the village perhaps," I suggested.

"Very unlikely. Few of them would dare to set foot in the grounds, far less try to force their way into the cabin. What do you think of it, Mr. Holmes?"

"I think that fortune is very kind to us."

"You mean that the person will come again."

"It is very probable. He came expecting to find the door open. He tried to get in with the blade of a very small penknife. He could not manage it. What would he do?"

"Come again next night with a more useful tool."

"So I should say. It will be our fault if we are not there to receive him. Meanwhile, let me see the inside of the cabin."

The traces of the tragedy had been removed, but the furniture within the little room still stood as it had been on the night of the crime. For two hours with most intense concentration Holmes examined every object in turn; but his face showed that his quest was not a successful one. Once only he paused in his patient investigation.

"Have you taken anything off this shelf, Hopkins?"

"No, I have moved nothing."

"Something has been taken. There is less dust in this corner of the shelf than elsewhere. It may have been a book lying on its side. It may have been a box. Well, well, I can do nothing more. Let us walk in these beautiful woods, Watson, and give a few hours to the birds and the flowers. We shall meet you here later, Hopkins, and see if we can come to closer quarters with the gentleman who has paid this visit in the night."

It was past eleven o'clock when we formed our little ambuscade. Hopkins was for leaving the door of the hut open, but Holmes was of opinion that this would rouse the suspicions of the stranger. The lock was a perfectly simple one, and only a strong blade was needed to push it back. Holmes also suggested that we should wait, not inside the hut, but outside it among the bushes, which grew round the further window. In this way we should be able to watch our man, if he struck a light, and see what his object was in this stealthy nocturnal visit.

It was a long and melancholy vigil, and yet brought with it something of the thrill which the hunter feels when he lies beside the water pool and waits for the coming of the thirsty beast of prey. What savage creature was it which might steal upon us out of the darkness? Was it a fierce tiger of crime, which could only

be taken fighting hard with flashing fang and claw, or would it prove to be some skulking jackal, dangerous only to the weak and unguarded? In absolute silence we crouched among the bushes, waiting for whatever might come. At first the steps of a few belated villagers or the sound of voices from the village lightened our vigil, but one by one these interruptions died away, and an absolute stillness fell upon us, save for the chimes of the distant church, which told us of the progress of the night, and for the rustle and whisper of a fine rain falling amid the foliage which roofed us in.

Three o'clock had sounded, and it was the darkest hour which precedes the dawn when we all started as a low but sharp click came from the direction of the gate. Some one had entered the drive. Again there was a long silence, and I had begun to fear that it was a false alarm, when a stealthy step was heard upon the other side of the hut, and a moment later a metallic scraping and clinking. The man was trying to force the lock! This time his skill was greater, or his tool was better, for there was a sudden snap and the creak of the hinges. Then a match was struck, and next instant the steady light from a candle filled the interior of the hut. Through the gauze curtain our eyes were all riveted upon the scene within.

The nocturnal visitor was a young man, frail and thin, with a black mustache which intensified the deadly pallor of his face. He could not have been much above twenty years of age. I have never seen any human being who appeared to be in such a pitiable fright, for his teeth were visibly chattering, and he was shaking in every limb. He was dressed like a gentleman in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers with a cloth cap upon his head. We watched him staring round him with frightened eyes. Then he laid the candle-end upon the table, and disappeared from our view into one of the corners. He returned with a



"THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THAT?"

less. Watson, if you can spare the time I should be very glad of your company. If you will call a four-wheeler, Hopkins, we shall be ready to start for Forest Row in a quarter of an hour."

Alighting at the small wayside station we drove for some miles through the remains of widespread woods, which were once part of that great forest which for so long held the Saxon invaders at bay—the impenetrable 'weald,' for sixty years the bulwark of Britain. Vast sections of it have been cleared, for this is the seat of the first iron works of the country, and the trees have been felled to smelt the ore. Now the richer fields of the North have absorbed the trade, and nothing save these ravaged groves and great scars in the earth show the work of the past. Here, in a clearing upon the green slope of a hill, stood a long low stone house, approached by a curving drive running through the fields. Nearer the road, and surrounded on three sides by bushes, was a small out-house, one window and the door facing in our direction. It was the scene of the murder!

Stanley Hopkins led us first to the house, where he introduced us to a haggard, gray-haired woman, the widow of the murdered man, whose gaunt and deep-lined face, with the furtive look of terror in the depths of her red-rimmed eyes, told of the years of hardship and ill-usage which she had endured. With her was her daughter, a pale, fair-haired girl, whose eyes blazed defiantly at us as she told us that she was glad that her father was dead, and that she blessed the hand which had struck him down. It was a terrible household that Black Peter Carey had made for himself, and it was with a sense of relief that we found ourselves in the sunlight again, and making our way along a path which had been worn across the fields by the feet of the dead man.

The out-house was the simplest of dwellings, wooden-

large book, one of the log-books which formed a line upon the shelves. Leaning on the table he rapidly turned over the leaves of this volume until he came to the entry which he sought. Then with an angry gesture of his clenched hand he closed the book, replaced it in the corner, and put out the light. He had hardly turned to leave the hut when Hopkins's hand was on the fellow's collar, and I heard his loud gasp of terror as he understood that he was taken. The candle was relighted, and there was our wretched captive shivering and cowering in the grasp of the detective. He sank down upon the sea-chest, and looked helplessly from one of us to the other.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Stanley Hopkins, "who are you, and what do you want here?"

The man pulled himself together and faced us with an effort at self-composure.

"You are detectives, I suppose," said he. "You imagine that I am connected with the death of Captain Peter Carey. I assure you that I am innocent."

"We'll see about that," said Hopkins. "First of all, what is your name?"

"It is John Hopley Neligan."

I saw Holmes and Hopkins exchange a quick glance.

"What are you doing here?"

"Can I speak confidentially?"

"No, certainly not."

"Why should I tell you?"

"If you have no answer it may go badly with you at the trial."

The young man winced. "Well, I will tell you," he said. "Why should I not? And yet I hate to think of this old scandal gaining a new lease of life. Did you ever hear of Dawson and Neligan?"

I could see from Hopkins's face that he never had, but Holmes was keenly interested. "You mean the

West country bankers," said he. "They failed for a million, ruined half the country families of Cornwall, and Neligan disappeared."

"Exactly. Neligan was my father."

At last we were getting something positive, and yet it seemed a long gap between an absconding banker and Captain Peter Carey pinned against the wall with one of his own harpoons. We all listened intently to the young man's words.

"It was my father who was really concerned. Dawson had retired. I was only ten years of age at the time, but I was old enough to feel the shame and horror of it all. It has always been said that my father stole all the securities and fled. It is not true. It was his belief that if he were given time in which to realize them all would be well, and every creditor paid in full. He started in his little yacht for Norway just before the warrant was issued for his arrest. I can remember that last night when he bade farewell to my mother. (Continued on page 22.)



Headpiece by MAXFIELD PARRISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

Portrait by SEWELL COLLINS

A Discourse on Cleverness

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW still enjoys more than all else the ability to startle and dismay. He reminds me of the American novelist whose day-dream is supposed to be, not the friendship of English dukes, but their implacable antipathy and distress. As this gentleman lives in the imagined hostility of the nobility, so Mr. Shaw sees in himself the bugbear of respectability and common-sense.

A prankish mind is not creative. Even in "Candida," the best of Mr. Shaw's performances, the characters insist upon falling suddenly in pieces. The heroine, after exhibiting especial insight one moment, will, the next, inflict upon the man with whom she lives, and whom she loves, misunderstanding worthy of a champion pachydermous egomaniac. "Don't you understand?" she inquires, in her omniscient condescension, after giving hints which no human being could understand, and yet she needs a poet to tell her when she is cruelly lacerating her husband's feelings. The poet, who is a shrewd and humorous psychologist at one instant, shortly takes his turn as butt by talking idly to preserve the author's impartiality. "Candida" has caused more heart-to-heart discussion among the most sophisticated fraction of New York than any other of the year's plays, and we are grateful for it, but it is nevertheless, at bottom, what Mr. Oliver Herford, in great enthusiasm, called it, "a problem farce."

I started, however, to talk about Mr. Shaw's latest, which has just been published and will presumably never be publicly acted, at least for more than one performance. Even if it be no play, however, it comes under the head of books. Here Mr. Shaw's dramatic knowledge (dramatic instinct he has none) has been displaced altogether by his lust for solipsism. After reading a preface of thirty-seven pages, appended epigrams of sixty, and a "play" of one hundred and eighty, I felt like digging in the garden, reading a page of Shakespeare, picking up a newspaper, or playing with the baby. Effort, effort, effort. There is much wit, nevertheless, and the opportunity for some people to acquire shocks. The name of the play is "Man and Superman," the hero is Don Juan, and the most sentimental character is the devil.

While ramping against wilful soleness, I wish to take a passing fling at my friend Colby, who, now that he is writing regularly, will soon be more widely recognized as brilliantly and perhaps illicitly searching and refined. If his first volume is astutely selected from his periodic manifestoes, it will be acknowledged by everybody to possess a culture, sheen, and point that make it a new phenomenon in current American criticism.

However, I come this time to bury Colby, not to praise him. In attack he is delicious. Of the pedantic commentator, the commonplace man of special information, he says that he "is so sure of his ground that he seems more like a committee framing resolutions than a man writing down what he thinks, and he usually wishes to save or elevate the public, direct, sanctify and govern it, or hold it on his knee." It is this very power of apt and witty speech which sometimes leads our friend astray.

"It is pleasant to argue but hideous to convince, and for our part we should loathe a convert the moment we had made him, as a mere tedious duplicate when one of us was enough."

"It would be as shocking to find our tastes repeated

in an amiable reader as to see our own nose transplanted on the face of some harmless friend."

Untruths like these do much to bring the true wit to a lower plane. Rollicking in error is not so becoming as rollicking in truth.

Mr. Colby, however, writes these things because they amuse and please him; not, like Mr. Shaw, because they shock the literal or the voracious mind. He is telling the truth about himself when he asserts that any ulterior object is not for him—that he aims only at expressing what he means, and that *sic vos non vobis* is no motto for him "but for sheep, bees, pedagogues, and preachers, the Emperor William, the evening newspaper, and the United States Supreme Court."

He has no desire to be a guide or friend to any reader, nor yet a tear or irritant. My only quarrel with him is that he so loves a delightful phrase that he sometimes lets it pass when the idea, if it were less brilliantly expressed, would appear clearly to him as something which he did not mean.

"The Man of Destiny"

NOTHING interferes with Mr. Shaw so much as his love of casting himself for the principal rôle. In "Man and Superman" we see him in the agreeable part of Don Juan, newly conceived as a man so attractive that he is pursued against his will by every woman. In "The Man of Destiny," which Mr. Arnold Daly has added to "Candida" in his Shaw productions of the season, the author appears as Napoleon Bonaparte, and makes some very clever and some very shallow speeches. The latter are necessary in this style of

composition. It may be foolish for Napoleon to ask military advice of an innkeeper, but how otherwise should he introduce one of our most polished epigrams? A lieutenant is too stupid for words. Everything that he does is wrong. What shall we do with him? "Make him a general. Then everything that he does will be right."

Two great thoughts are found in this study of the Corsican. One is that Napoleon's military genius amounted to nothing more than understanding the destructive force of artillery, or, as Mr. Shaw, in his less commonplace, would put it, in knowing that if you struck a man with a cannon ball you would hurt him. The other radiant idea is that there is no such thing as a hero. Fear is universal. Desires may overcome it, but it exists in every man. Why would it not be well for Mr. Shaw to choose a bulldog for his next protagonist, and show him, when preparing for a fight, in exactly the same nervous, intellectual, and epigrammatic predicament that would characterize the eve of battle for G. B. S., and to express a view of courage similar to that elaborated in "Arms and the Man"? Mr. Shaw's idea of art is not to paint a sheep so that it looks beautifully and suggestively like a sheep, but so that it looks confusingly like a ground-hog or a goat. He is rather good at caricature and deems it depth. The caricaturist, drawing a friend, makes him look at once like himself and like a wine-glass or loaf of bread. He does not always, like Mr. Shaw, apparently believe that the man has become a wine-glass through the brilliancy of the caricature.

"The Man of Destiny," for acting purposes, is one of the best recent one-act dramas, and will doubtless be seen, off and on, for a good many years. Mr. Arnold Daly's Napoleon, a forcible and entertaining performance, lacks the thoroughness and individuality of his Marchbanks. Miss Dorothy Donnelly is an admirable serious actress, but she would play comedy better if she would fasten her mind upon the comic points and not upon her appreciation of them.

Hors Concours

MR. SHAW never writes a preface, or other screed upon the drama, without contrasting Shakespeare and himself, and it must be granted that material for contrast is sufficient. Shakespeare is our unescapable standard. If Mr. Archer wishes to express a superlative estimate of Mr. Stephen Phillips, he does it in terms of "Romeo and Juliet." Some men grow briefly famous by praising the Avon bard, and others by attacking him. Meantime he goes along forever, not only as the reading of the schoolroom and the armchair, but as the king of the actual commercial stage. He compares as a money-earner with the Honorable John D. Rockefeller, and as a spiritual influence he surpasses him. He is always in evidence. Perhaps if we read certain other dramatists, as Jonson and Marlowe, more in our youth, they might show a greater ability to hold the stage, but this is guesswork. We read two of Sheridan's plays, and one of Goldsmith's, and they also are frequently acted. As dramas which can be read have the best opportunity to live upon the stage, Stephen Phillips, Ibsen, and even Shaw may see the theatre longer than Jones or Pinero. Their author's literary fame in another line will lengthen the life of Mr. Barrie's dramas. Parts count for much in stage immortality also, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Doll's House" will be long revived by female stars. What puts Shakespeare so

(Continued on Page 28)



FRANK NORRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE PIT"

THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, Author of "The Crisis"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LITTLE DAVID RITCHIE, at the opening of this story (told by himself in after life), is living in the Blue Ridge country. Placed under the care of friends in Charlestown pending his father's participation in a campaign against the Cherokees, the boy there learns of the elder Ritchie's death. He runs away, and falls in with a backwoodsman, whose daughter Polly Ann takes a strong liking to him. After her marriage to Tom McChesney, David accompanies the pair in a journey across the mountains to Kentucky. Great dangers attend their travels, the boy and the woman both being obliged to defend themselves with firearms against Indians. While in dire straits one day they are rescued by a party of frontiersmen under George Rogers Clark, with whom they then proceed to Harrodstown. From this place Clark, having organized a band of two hundred Kentuckians and others, sets out to march against Kaskaskia, held by the Frenchman Rocheblave under a British commission. David accompanies the little army as drummer boy and orderly to the commander and plays a conspicuous part in the taking of Kaskaskia, the inhabitants subsequently swearing loyalty to the Republic, like those of Vincennes, which surrenders peacefully to an envoy of Clark's. Cahokia is captured by a company sent out from Kaskaskia, but soon Clark is summoned to Cahokia for the purpose of treating with the warlike Indians there assembled. After these have renounced their friendship to the English, Clark returns to Kaskaskia. Some months elapse uneventfully, until news is brought that Vincennes is again in the hands of the English. Hereupon, the Kentuckians set out for that place



CHAPTER XVIII

"An ye had been where I hae been"



THAT night, when our chilled feet could bear no more, we sought out a patch of raised ground a little firmer than a quagmire, and heaped up the beginnings of a fire with such brush as could be made to burn, robbing the naked thickets. Saddle and steak sizzled, leather steamed and stiffened, hearts and bodies thawed; grievances that men had nursed over miles of water melted. Courage sits best on a full stomach, and as they ate they cared not whether the Atlantic had opened between them and Vincennes. An hour agone, and there were twenty cursing lag-gards, counting the leagues back to Kaskaskia. Now

"C'était un vieux sauvage
Tout noir, tout barbouillé,
Ouch' ka!
Avec sa vieille couverture
Et son sac à tabac,
Ouch' ka!
Ah! ah! ténauich' ténaga,
Ténauich' ténaga, ouch' ka!"

So sang Antoine, *dû le Gris*, in the pulsing red light. And when, between the verses, he went through the agonies of a Huron war-dance, the assembled regiment howled with delight. Some men know cities and those who dwell in the quarters of cities. But grizzled Antoine knew the half of a continent, and the manners of trading and killing of the tribes thereof.

And after Antoine came Gabriel, a marked contrast—Gabriel, five feet six, and the glare showing but a faint, dark line of his quivering lip. Gabriel was a patriot—a tribute we must pay to all of those brave Frenchmen who went with us. Nay, Gabriel had left at home on his little farm near the village a young wife of a fortnight. And so his lip quivered as he sang.

"Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne,
Je vien finir ta cette campagne!
Ah! doux échos, entendes mes soupirs;
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir!"

We had need of gaiety after that, and so Bill Cowan sang "Billy of the Wild Wood," and Terence McCann wailed an Irish jig, stamping the water out of the spongy ground amid storms of mirth. As he desisted, breathless and panting, he flung me up in the firelight before the eyes of them all, crying, "It's Davy can bate me!"

"Ay, Davy, Davy!" they shouted, for they were in the mood for anything. There stood Colonel Clark in the dimmer light of the background. "We must keep 'em screwed up, Davy," he had said that very day.

There came to me on the instant a wild song that my father had taught me when the liquor held him in dominance. Exhilarated, I sprang from Terence's arms to the sodden, bare space, and methinks I yet hear my shrill, piping note, and see my legs kicking in the fling of it. There was an uproar, a deeper voice chimed in, and here was McAndrew flinging his legs with mine.

"I've taught on land, I've taught at sea,
At hame I taught my aunty, O;
But I met the deevil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been where I hae been,
Ye wad na be sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O."

In the morning Clark himself would be the first off through the gray rain, laughing and shouting and waving his sword in the air, and I after him as hard as I could pelt through the mud, beating the charge on my drum until the war-cries of the regiment drowned the sound of it. For we were upon a pleasure trip—lest any man forget. A pleasure trip amid stark woods and brown plains flecked with ponds. So we followed him until we came to a place where, in summer, two quiet rivers flowed through green forests—the little Wabashes. And now! Now hickory and maple, oak and cottonwood, stood shivering in three feet of water on what had been a league of dry land. We stood dismayed at the crumbling edge of the hill, and one hundred and seventy pairs of eyes were turned on Clark. With a mere glance at the running stream high on the bank and the drowned forest beyond, he turned and faced them.

"I reckon you've earned a rest, boys," he said. "We'll have games to-day."

There were some dozen of the unflinching who needed

not to be amused. Choosing a great poplar, these he set to hollowing out a pirogue, and himself came among the others and played leap-frog and the Indian game of ball until night fell. And these, instead of moping and quarreling, forgot. That night, as I cooked him a buffalo steak, he drew near the fire with Bowman.

"For the love of God keep up their spirits, Bowman," said the Colonel; "keep up their spirits until we get them across. Once on the further hills, they can not go back."

Here was a different being from the shouting boy who had led the games and the war-dance that night in the circle of the blaze. Tired out, we went to sleep with the ring of the axes in our ears, and in the morning there were more games while the squad crossed the river to the drowned neck, built a rough scaffold there, and notched a trail across it; to the scaffold the baggage was ferried, and the next morning, bit by bit, the regiment. Even now the pains shoot through my body when I think of how man after man plunged waist deep into the icy water toward the further branch. The pirogue was filled with the weak, and in the end of it I was curled up with my drum.

Heroism is a many-sided thing. It is one matter to fight and finish, another to endure hell's tortures hour after hour. All day they waded with numbed feet vainly searching for a footing in the slime. Truly, the agony of a brave man is among the greatest of the world's tragedies to see. As they splashed onward through the tree-trunks, many a joke went forth, though lips were drawn and teeth pounded together. I have not the heart to recall these jokes—it would seem a sacrilege. There were quarrels, too, the men striving to push one another from the easier paths; and deeds sublime when some stragglers clutched at the boles of trees for support, and were helped onward through excruciating ways. A dozen held tremblingly to the pirogue's gunwale, lest they fall and drown. One walked ahead with a smile, or else fell back to lend a helping shoulder to a fainting man.

And there was Tom McChesney. All day long I watched him, and thanked God that Polly Ann could not see him thus. And yet, how the pride would have leaped within her! Humor came not easily to him, but charity and courage and unselfishness he had in abundance. What he suffered none knew; but through those awful hours he was always among the stragglers, helping the weak and despairing when his strength might have taken him far ahead toward comfort and safety. "I'm all right, Davy," he would say, in answer to my look as he passed me. But on his face, was written something that I did not understand.

How the creole farmers and traders, unused even to the common ways of woodcraft, endured that fearful day and others that followed, I know not. And when a tardy justice shall arise and compel the people of this land to raise a shaft in memory of Clark and those who followed him, let not the loyalty of the French be forgotten, though it be not understood.

At eventide came to lurid and disordered brains the knowledge that the other branch was here. And, mercifully, it was shallower than the first. Holding his rifle high, with a war-whoop Bill Cowan plunged into the stream. Unable to contain myself more, I flung my drum overboard and went after it, and amid shouts and laughter I was towed across by James Ray.

Colonel Clark stood watching from the bank above, and it was he who pulled me, bedraggled, to dry land.

I ran away to help gather brush for a fire. As I was heaping this in a pile I heard something that I should not have heard. Nor ought I to repeat it now, though I did not need the flames to send the blood tingling through my body.

"McChesney," said the Colonel, "we must thank our stars that we brought the boy along. He has grit, and as good a head as any of us. I reckon if it hadn't been for him some of them would have turned back long ago."

I saw Tom grinning



WATCHING FROM THE BANK

at the Colonel as gratefully as though he himself had been praised.

The blaze started, and soon we had a bonfire. Some had not the strength to hold out the buffalo meat to the fire. Even the grumblers and mutineers were silent, owing to the ordeal they had gone through. But presently, when they began to be warmed and fed, they talked of other trials to be borne. The Embarrass and the big Wabash, for example. These must be like the sea itself.

"Take the back trail, if ye like," said Bill Cowan, with a loud laugh. "I reckon the rest of us kin float to Vincennes on Davy's drum."

But there was no taking the back trail now; and well they knew it. The games began, the unwilling being forced to play, and before they fell asleep that night they had taken Vincennes, scalped the Hair-Buyer, and were far on the march to Detroit.

Mercifully, now that their stomachs were full, they had no worries. Few knew the danger we were in of being cut off by Hamilton's roving bands of Indians. There would be no retreat, no escape, but a fight to the death. And I heard this, and much more that was spoken of in low tones at the Colonel's fire far into the night, of which I never told the rank and file—not even Tom McChesney.

On and on, through rain and water, we marched until we drew near to the river Embarrass. Drew near, did I say? "Sure, darlin'," said Terence, staring comically over the gray waste, "we've been in it since Choosdy."

There was small exaggeration in it. In vain did our feet seek the deeper water. It would go no higher than our knees, and the sound which the regiment made in marching was like that of a great flat-boat going against the current. It had been a sad, lavender-colored day, and now that the gloom of the night was setting in, and not so much as a hummock showed itself above the surface, the creoles began to murmur. And small wonder! Where was this man leading them, this Clark who had come among them from the skies, as it were? Did he know himself? Night fell as though a blanket had been spread over the tree-tops, and above the dreary splashing men could be heard calling to one another in the darkness. Nor was there any supper ahead. For our food was gone, and no game was to be shot over this watery waste. A cold like that of eternal space settled in our bones. Even Terence McCann grumbled.

"Begob," said he, "'tis fine weather for fishes, and the birrds are that comfortable in the threes. 'Tis no place for a baste at all, at all."

Sometime in the night there was a cry. Ray had found the water falling from an oozy bank, and there we dozed fitfully until we were startled by a distant boom.

It was Governor Hamilton's morning gun at Fort Sackville, Vincennes.

There was no breakfast. How we made our way, benumbed with hunger and cold, to the banks of the Wabash, I know not. Captain McCarty's company was set to making canoes, and the rest of us looked on apathetically as the huge trees staggered and fell amid a fountain of spray in the shallow water. We were but three leagues from Vincennes. A raft was bound together, and Tom McChesney and three other scouts sent on a desperate journey across the river in search of boats and provisions, lest we starve and fall and die on the wet flats. Before he left Tom came to me, and the remembrance of his gaunt face haunted me for many years after. He drew something from his bosom and held it out to me, and I saw that it was a bit of buffalo steak which he had saved. I shook my head, and the tears came into my eyes.

"Come, Davy," he said, "ye're so little, and I beant hungry."

Again I shook my head, and for the life of me I could say nothing.

"I reckon Polly Ann'd never forgive me if anything was to happen to you," said he.

At that I grew strangely angry.

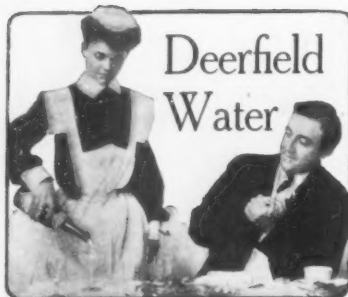
"It's you who need it," I cried, "it's you that has to do the work. And she told me to take care of you."

The big fellow grinned sheepishly, as was his wont. "'Tis only a bite," he pleaded, "'twould only make me hungry, and"—he looked hard at me—"and it might be the savin' of you. Ye'll not eat it for Polly Ann's sake?" he asked coaxingly.

"'Twould not be serving her," I answered indignantly.

"Ye're an obstinate little deevil!" he cried, and, dropping the morsel on the freshly cut stump, he stalked away. I ran after him, crying out, but he leaped on the raft that was already in the stream and began to pole across. I slipped the piece into my own hunting-shirt.

All day the men who were too weak to swing axes sat listless on the bank, watching in vain for some sight of the *Willing*. They saw a canoe rounding the bend



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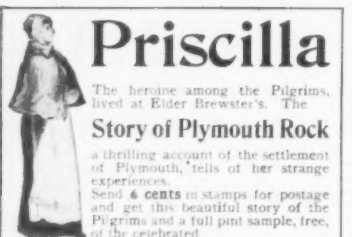


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instead, with a single occupant paddling madly. And who should this be but Captain Willing's own brother, escaped from the fort where he had been a prisoner. He told us that a man named Maisenville, with a party of Indians, was in pursuit of him, and the next piece of news he had was in the way of raising our despair a little. Governor Hamilton's astonishment at seeing this force here and now would be as great as his own. Governor Hamilton had said, indeed, that only a navy could take Vincennes this year. Unfortunately, Mr. Willing brought no food. Next in order came five Frenchmen, trapped by our scouts, nor had they any provisions. But as long as I live I shall never forget how Tom McChesney returned at nightfall, the hero of the hour. He had shot a deer, and never did wolves pick an animal cleaner. They pressed on me a choice piece of it, these great-hearted men who were willing to go hungry for the sake of a child, and when I refused it they would have forced it down my throat. Swein Poulsson, he that once hid under the bed, deserves a special tablet to his memory. He was for giving me all he had, though his little eyes were unnaturally bright and the red had left his cheeks now.

"He haf no belly, only a leedle on his backbone!" he cried.

"Begob, thin, he has the backbone," said Terence.

"I have a piece," said I, and drew forth that which Tom had given me.

They brought a quarter of a saddle to Colonel Clark, but he smiled at them kindly and told them to divide it among the weak. He looked at me as I sat with my feet crossed on the stump.

"I will follow Davy's example," said he. At length the canoes were finished and we crossed the river, swimming over the few miserable skeletons of the French pontons we had brought along. We came to a sugar camp, and beyond it, stretching between us and Vincennes, was a sea of water. Here we made our camp, if camp it could be called. There was no fire, no food, and the water seeped out of the ground on which we lay. Some of those even who had not yet spoken now openly said that we could go no further. For the wind had shifted into the northwest, and, for the first time since we had left Kaskaskia we saw the stars gleaming like scat-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

THE ADVENTURE OF BLACK PETER

(Continued from Page 20)

He left us a list of the securities he was taking, and he swore that he would come back with his honor cleared, and that none who trusted him would suffer. Well, no word was ever heard from him again. Both the yacht and he vanished utterly. We believed, my mother and I, that he and it, with the securities that he had taken with him, were at the bottom of the sea. We had a faithful friend, however, who is a business man, and it was he who discovered some time ago that some of the securities which my father had with him have reappeared on the London market. You can imagine our amazement. I spent months in trying to trace them, and at last, after many doublings and difficulties, I discovered that the original seller had been Captain Peter Carey, the owner of this hut.

"Naturally, I made some inquiries about the man. I found that he had been in command of a whaler which was due to return from the Arctic seas at the very time when my father was crossing to Norway. The autumn of that year was a stormy one, and there was a long succession of southerly gales. My father's yacht may well have been blown to the north, and there met by Captain Peter Carey's ship. If that were so, what had become of my father? In any case, if I could prove from Peter Carey's evidence how these securities came on the market, it would be a proof that my father had not sold them, and that he had no view to personal profit when he took them. I came down to Sussex with the intention of seeing the Captain, but it was at this moment that his terrible death occurred. I read at the inquest a description of his cabin, in which it stated that the old log-books of his vessel were preserved in it. It struck me that if I could see what occurred in the month of August, 1883, on board the *Sea Unicorn*, I might settle the mystery of my father's fate. I tried last night to get at these log-books, but was unable to open the door. To-night I tried again, and succeeded; but I find that the pages which deal with that month have been torn from the book. It was at that moment that I found myself a prisoner in your hands."

"Is that all?" asked Hopkins.

"Yes, that is all." His eyes shifted as he said it.

"You have nothing else to tell us?"

He hesitated.

"No, there is nothing."

"You have not been here before last night?"

"No."

"Then how do you account for that?" cried Hopkins, as he held out the damning note-book with the initials of our prisoner on the first leaf and the blood stain on the cover.

The wretched man collapsed. He sank his face in his hands and trembled all over. "Where did you get it?" he groaned. "I did not know. I thought I had lost it at the hotel."

"That is enough," said Hopkins sternly.

"Whatever else you have to say you must say in Court. You will walk down with me now to the police station. Well, Mr. Holmes, I am very much obliged to you and to your friend for coming down to help me. As it turns out, your presence was un-

tered diamonds in the sky. Bit by bit the ground hardened, and if by chance we dozed we stuck to it. Morning found the men huddled like frozen sheep, and long before Hamilton's gun we were up and stamping. Antoinette poked the butt of his rifle through the ice of the lake in front of us.

"I think we not get to Vincennes this day," he said.

Colonel Clark, who heard him, turned to me. "Fetch McChesney here, Davy," he said. Tom came.

"McChesney," said he, "when I give the word, take Davy and his drum on your shoulders and follow me. And Davy, do you think you can sing that song you gave us the other night?"

"Oh, yes, sir," I answered.

Without more ado the Colonel broke the skim of ice, and, taking some of the water in his hand, poured powder from his flask into it and rubbed it on his face until he was the color of an Indian. Stepping back, he raised his sword high in the air, and, shouting the Shawnee war-whoop, took a flying leap up to his thighs in the water. Tom swung me instantly to his shoulder and followed, I beating the charge with all my might, though my hands were so numb that I could scarce hold the sticks. Strangest of all, to a man they came shouting after us.

"Now, Davy!" said the Colonel.

"I've fought on land, I've fought at sea,

At home I fought my aunt, O;

But I met the devil and Dundee

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O."

I piped it at the top of my voice, and sure enough the regiment took up the chorus, for it had a famous swing.

"An ye had been where I had been,

Ye wad na be sae cantie, O;

An ye had seen what I had seen

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O."

When their breath was gone we heard Cowan shout that he had found a path under his feet—a path that was on dry land in the summer time. We followed it, feeling carefully, and at length, when we had suffered all that we could bear, we stumbled on to a dry ridge. Here we spent another night of torture, with a second backwater facing us coated with a full inch of ice.

And still there was nothing to eat.

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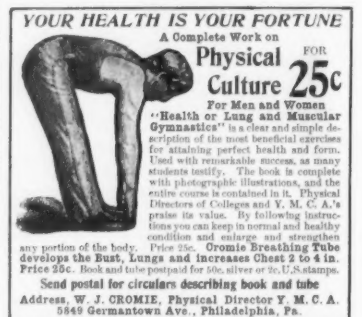


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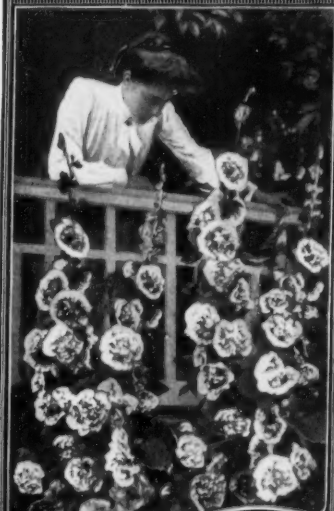


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flight he did not dare to approach the hut again for some time; but at last he forced himself to do so, in order to obtain the information which he needed. Surely that is all simple and obvious?"

Holmes smiled and shook his head. "It seems to me to have only one drawback, Hopkins, and that is that it is intrinsically impossible. Have you tried to drive a harpoon through a body? No! Tut, tut, my dear sir, you must really pay attention to these details. My friend Watson could tell you that I spent a whole morning in that exercise. It is no easy matter, and requires a strong and practiced arm. But this blow was delivered with such violence that the head of the weapon sank deep into the wall. Do you imagine that this anemic youth was capable of so frightful an assault? Is he the man who hobbled in rum and water with Black Peter in the dead of the night? Was it his profile that was seen on the blind two nights before? No, no, Hopkins, it is another and a more formidable person for whom we must seek."

The detective's face had grown longer and longer during Holmes's speech. His hopes and his ambitions were all crumbling about him. But he would not abandon his position without a struggle.

"You can't deny that Neligan was present that night, Mr. Holmes. The book will prove that. I fancy that I have evidence enough to satisfy a jury, even if you are able to pick a hole in it. Besides, Mr. Holmes, I have laid my hand upon my man. As to this terrible person of yours, where is he?"

"I rather fancy that he is on the stair," said Holmes serenely. "I think, Watson, that you would do well to put that revolver where you can reach it." He rose, and laid a written paper upon a side table. "Now we are ready," said he.

There had been some talking in gruff voices outside, and now Mrs. Hudson opened the door to say that there were three men inquiring for Captain Basil.

"Show them in one by one," said Holmes. The first who entered was a little Ribstoppin' of a man with ruddy cheeks and fluffy white side-whiskers. Holmes had drawn a letter from his pocket.

"What name?" he asked.

"James Lancaster."

"I am sorry, Lancaster, but the berth is full. Here is half a sovereign for your trouble. Just step into this room and wait there for a few minutes."

The second man was a long, dried-up creature, with lank hair and sallow cheeks. His name was Hugh Pattins. He also received his dismissal, his half sovereign, and the order to wait.

The third applicant was a man of remarkable appearance. A fierce bulldog face was framed in a tangle of hair and beard, and two bold dark eyes gleamed behind the cover of thick tufted overhanging eyebrows. He saluted and stood sailor-fashion, turning his cap round in his hands.

"Your name?" asked Holmes.

"Patrick Cairns."

"Harpooner?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty-six voyages."

"Dundee, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And ready to start with an exploring ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"What wages?"

"Eight pound a month."

"Could you start at once?"

"As soon as I get my kit."

"Have you your papers?"

"Yes, sir." He took a sheaf of worn and greasy forms from his pocket. Holmes glanced over them, and returned them.

"You are just the man I want," said he.

"Here's the Agreement on the side table. If you sign it the whole matter will be settled."

The seaman lurched across the room and took up the pen.

"Shall I sign here?" he asked, stooping over the table.

Holmes leaned over his shoulder, and passed both hands over his neck.

"This will do," said he.

I heard a click of steel, and a bellow like an enraged bull. The next instant Holmes and the seaman were rolling on the floor together.

He was a man of such gigantic strength that even with the handcuffs, which Holmes had so deftly fastened upon his wrists, he would have very quickly overpowered my friend had Hopkins and I not rushed to his rescue.

Only when I pressed the cold muzzle of the revolver to his temple did he at last understand that resistance was vain. We lashed his ankles with cord, and rose breathless from the struggle.

"I must really apologize, Hopkins," said Sherlock Holmes. "I fear that the scrambled eggs are cold. However, you will enjoy the rest of your breakfast all the better, will you not, for the thought that you have brought your case to a triumphant conclusion?"

Stanley Hopkins was speechless with amazement.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Holmes," he blurted out at last with a very red face.

"It seems to me that I have been making a fool of myself from the beginning. I understand now what I should never have forgotten, that I am the pupil and you are the master. Even now I see what you have done; but I don't know how you did it, or what it signifies."

"Well, well," said Holmes good-humoredly. "We all learn by experience, and your lesson this time is that you should never lose sight of the alternative. You were so absorbed in young Neligan that you could not spare a thought to Patrick Cairns, the true murderer of Peter Carey."

The hoarse voice of the seaman broke in on our conversation.

"See here, mister," said he, "I make no complaint of being man-handled in this fashion, but I would have you call things by their right names. You say I murdered Peter Carey. I say I killed Peter Carey, and there's all the difference. Maybe you don't

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believe what I say. Maybe you think I am just slinging you a yarn?"

"Not at all," said Holmes. "Let us hear what you have to say."

"It's soon told, and, by the Lord, every word of it is truth. I knew Black Peter, and when he pulled out his knife I whipped a harpoon through him sharp, for I knew that it was him or me. That's how he died. You can call it murder. Anyhow, I'd as soon die with a rope round my neck as with Black Peter's knife in my heart."

"How came you there?" asked Holmes.

"I'll tell it you from the beginning. Just sit me up a little so as I can speak easy. It was in '83 that it happened—August of that year. Peter Carey was master of the *Sa Unicorn*, and I was spare harpooner. We were coming out of the ice pack on our way home with head winds and a week's southerly gale, when we picked up a little craft that had been blown north. There was one man on her—a landsman. The crew had thought she would founder, and had made for the Norwegian coast in the dingy. I guess they were all drowned. Well, we took him on board, this man, and he and the skipper had some long talks in the cabin. All the baggage we took off with him was one tin box. So far as I know the man's name was never mentioned, and on the second night he disappeared, as if he had never been. It was given out that he had either thrown himself overboard, or fallen overboard in the heavy weather that we were having. Only one man knew what had happened to him, and that was me, for with my own eyes I saw the skipper tip up his heels, and put him over the rail in the middle watch of a dark night, two days before we sighted the Shetland lights."

"Well, I kept my knowledge to myself, and waited to see what would come of it. When we got back to Scotland it was easily hushed up, and nobody asked any questions. A stranger died by an accident, and it was nobody's business to inquire. Shortly after Peter Carey gave up the sea, and it was long years before I could find where he was. I guessed that he had done the deed for the sake of what was in that tin box, and that he could afford now to pay me well for keeping



The third applicant was a man of remarkable appearance

my mouth shut. I found out where he was, through a sailor man that had met him in London, and down I went to squeeze him. The first night he was reasonable enough, and was ready to give me what would make me free of the sea for life. We were to fix it all two nights later. When I came I found him three parts drunk, and full of the devil. We sat down and we drank, and we yarned about old times, but the more he drank the less I liked the look on his face. I spotted that harpoon upon the wall, and I thought I might need it before I was through. Then at last he broke out at me, spitting and cursing, with murder in his eyes, and a great clasp-knife in his hand. He had not time to get it from the sheath before I had the harpoon through him. My God! what a yell he gave; and his face gets between me and my sleep! I stood there, with his blood splashing round me, and I waited for a bit, but all was quiet, so I took heart once more. I looked round, and there was the tin box on a shelf. I had as much right to it as Peter Carey anyhow, so I took it with me, and left the hut. Like a fool I left my baccy pouch upon the table. Now I'll tell you the queerest part of the whole story. I had hardly got outside the hut when I heard some one coming, and I hid among the bushes. A man came slinking along, went into the hut, gave a cry as if he had seen the devil, and legged it as hard as he could run, until he was out of sight. Who he was or what he wanted is more than I can tell. For my part I walked ten miles, got a train at Tunbridge Wells, and so reached London, and no one the wiser.

"Well, when I came to examine the box I found there was no money in it, and nothing but papers that I would not dare to sell. I had lost my hold on Black Peter, and was stranded in London without a shilling. There was only my trade left. I saw these advertisements about harpooners and high wages, so I went to the shipping agents, and they sent me here. That's all I know, and I say again that if I killed Black Peter the law should give me thanks, for I saved them the price of a hempen rope."

"A very clear statement," said Holmes, rising and lighting his pipe. "I think, Hopkins, that you should lose no time in conveying your prisoner to a place of safety. This room is not well adapted for a cell, and Mr. Patrick Cairns occupies too large a proportion of our carpet."



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"Mr. Holmes," said Hopkins, "I do not know how to express my gratitude. Even now I do not understand how you attained this result."

"Simply by having the good fortune to get the right clue from the beginning. It is very possible that if I had known about this notebook, it might have led away my thoughts as it did yours. But all I heard pointed in the one direction. The amazing strength, the skill in the use of the harpoon, the rum and water, the sealskin tobacco pouch, with the coarse tobacco; all these pointed to a seaman, and one who had been a whaler. I was convinced that the P. C. upon the pouch was a coincidence, and not the initials of Peter Carey, since he seldom smoked, and no pipe was found in his cabin. You remember that I asked whether whiskey and brandy were in the cabin. You said they were. How many landsmen are there who would drink rum when they could get these other spirits? Yes, I was certain it was a seaman."

"And how did you find him?"

"My dear sir, the problem had become a very simple one. If it were a seaman, it could only be a seaman who had been with him on the *Sea Unicorn*. So far as I could learn he had sailed in no other ship. I spent three days in wiring to Dundee, and at the end of that time I had ascertained the names of the crew of the *Sea Unicorn* in 1883. When I found Patrick Cairns among the harpooners my research was nearing its end. I argued that the man was probably in London, and that he would desire to leave the country for a time. I therefore spent some days in the East End, devised an Arctic expedition, put forward tempting terms for harpooners who would serve under Captain Basil—and behold the result!"

"Wonderful!" cried Hopkins. "Wonderful!"

"You must obtain the release of young Neligan as soon as possible," said Holmes. "I confess that I think that you owe him some apology. The tin box must be returned to him; but, of course, the securities which Peter Carey has sold are lost forever. There's the cab, Hopkins, and you can remove your man. If you want me for the trial, my address, and that of Watson, will be somewhere in Norway—I'll send particulars later."

DIFFY DAFFY DIALOGUES

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Illustrated by Florence Scovill Shinn

The earlier incidents in the experiences of Diffy Down Drift on the Scotch gardener, Donald Diffy, were published in the *Collier's* of December 5, 1903, and February 13

V.—The Negro Question

"YE ARE no' looking well the day," remarked the gardener, with his usual kindly interest in Diffy's well-being. "Carelessness, my dear Diffy," replied Diffy, "pure carelessness."

He drew from a vest pocket two little bottles of pellets, and held them up for Diffy's inspection.

"You would say they were birds of a feather, would you not?" he asked. "They are as alike as two cherrises. 'They look together,' as a French-Canadian would say. But gaze upon this cork and then on this! They are marked, you observe—Number One and Number Two. Now, so long as I take these medicines in their proper sequence, one-two, my peculiar malady is checked, retarded, delayed, cramped, shackled, obstructed, interrupted, clogged, stayed, warded off, nipped in the bud, disconcerted, baffled, defeated. But if I take them in reverse order, two-one, my mental disorder comes whooping along, and knocks me into the middle of last week. Well, I got my corks transposed yesterday, and I figure that bit of carelessness set me back at least a fortnight. Luckily I suspected the mix-up, and corrected it in time. I might have lost faith in doctors and drugs, and taken up Christian Science, or some other dopeless doctrine. You can't expect doctors to do much for you if you don't follow their directions. On many a tombstone should be chiseled the words, 'He Mixed His Corks.'"

The conversation was interrupted by a colored man-of-all-work, who desired of the gardener instructions on a job of whitewashing in the Sanatorium greenhouse.

"There's the root of the whole negro problem," remarked Diffy, following with thoughtful eyes the departing artist in slaked lime.

"Ay," agreed Diffy. "If there were nae black mon there'd be nae problem."

"Well reasoned, most logical of gardeners!" cried Diffy. "You have at times a way of putting things that leaves nothing more to be said. But in this instance something remains for consideration. When I spoke of the root of the negro problem I referred to the whitewash."

"Ay, the whitewash," said the gardener.

"What, after all, is our main objection to the negro?" asked Diffy.

"His black skin, I'm thinking," said Diffy. "Precisely: his black skin. Set aside his social inferiority, which is no good reason for disliking him; grant that he is often a much better citizen than his white neighbor; the whole matter simmers down to this—we don't like him because he is black. We do not object to his specific identity; we object to the arrangement of the pigmentary deposits in his skin which cause offensive rays to impinge upon the retina of our eye.

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Properly speaking, there is no such thing as a 'colored man' who is black, for black is the destitution of all color, and, of course, we idealists, who understand that colors, like knowledge, are relative, and that nothing we see has any existence outside of our minds, do not care a planetoid whether the 'Ding an sich' has a black bark or a white. You grasp that, of course."

"Well, it's no 'jist whit I'd ca' clear," said the gardener.

"Let me state it backward," said Daffy. "But never mind, it doesn't matter. Whatever opinions we men of science may hold, the consensus of vulgar opinion is that a large number of our fellow-citizens are black, and the sight of them irritates their white neighbors. With the kindest intentions in the world, we are unable to feel otherwise. The seat of the irritation is not in the heart or intellect, but in the optic centres, and this irritation will continue if every negro in the country becomes, as I hope he will, a Booker T. Washington."

"There's a gude mon," said Daffy. "Excellent," said Daffy; "and I have no criticism of his theory of education or his efforts to uplift his race. But they will never solve the negro question—never allay the irritation in the white man's eye."

"Nae doot ye have a guid ee watter," suggested Daffy shrewdly.

"I have an eye-water which will at least alleviate the irritation," said Daffy. "I was coming to that. Granted the irritation, consider how the black man aggravates it. He



"Let him string let"

takes up the profession, or the art, of white-washing, thus bringing out in sharp contrast his own blackness, and intensifying it. He becomes a waiter and stands out vividly and painfully against the spotless table linen. He, or rather she, washes clothes. Gad! you even find him shoveling snow! Could anything be more irritating?"

The gardener could think of nothing. "Thus," said Daffy, "my solution of the negro problem, in so far as solution is possible, is briefly this: Give the black man nothing but dark work. Make him dress in black, or at least dark clothes. Encourage him, as far as possible, to labor only at night. There are any number of occupations open to him besides the blacking of boots. Let him drive coal teams, and see to it that he is not supplied with a white horse. Let him mine the coal, too, and make charcoal. Let him sweep chimneys, do blacksmithing, string jet, manufacture ink and blackboards, work in ebony, pick blackberries, fish for black bass. Let him develop photographic plates, drive the 'black maria.' If he is a printer, have him set nothing but black letter. Let him do anything, everything that will blend him with a dark background and take him off our optic nerves. Gradually we should cease to be aware unpleasantly of his existence. We should know he was with us, but he would be only a shadow, the companion of shadow, and no longer a Problem with a capital P."

"There's something in that," said Daffy thoughtfully.

"I shall ask President Roosevelt to incorporate the suggestion in his next Message to Congress," said Daffy.



The Full Moon

By Percy MacKaye

MEETING-PLACE of lovers' eyes

At the trysting-hour of even;

Silver casement of Paradise

Where the heavens open into heaven:

Pale pathway of still splendors and white

lucencies!

Not, O Moon, by thine own light

Hast thou glimmered through the years,

Gleaming 'mid the mists of night

Like an eye amid its tears,—

Ah, not by beauties brighter far art thou

made bright.

For heaven in starlight looks not down

With eyes so fair as earth upraises;

The loveliest jewels of thy crown,

O Cynthia, are Juliet's gazes;

And when Eve smiled on these night first

forgot to frown.

Since, then, thy glory is distill'd

From lovers' eyes that ever were

Since first those founts of joy were fill'd—

Therefore I'll name thee like to her—

My love, in whose bright looks the sky

alone is skill'd.

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My motive in offering you this stock for less than it is worth is purely a selfish one. I want to add your name to my list of well pleased investors.

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You will find out that you can safely invest your savings through me.

You will find out that I will look after your money just as carefully as I look after my own.

You will find out that if you invest your money through me it will earn the largest possible profit consistent with safety.

I am a young man. I expect to be in active business for the next 25 years. And even if I wanted to sell you something worthless, even if I wanted to misrepresent the value of this stock, I couldn't afford to do it.

You know as well as I, that if the investments I offer do not turn out just as I represented, it would soon ruin my business.

I certainly cannot afford to have my business ruined. I can't afford to take even a chance.

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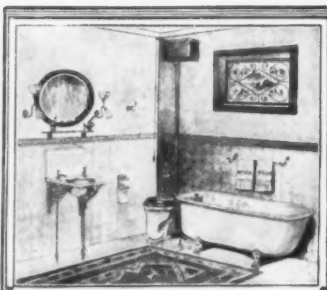


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BOOKS AND PLAYS

(Continued from Page 20)

much beyond competition is the combination, in several of his dramas, of all these elements at their very top; literature, and consequent familiarity to readers, almost from the cradle to the grave; parts that are unsurpassed from the actor's standpoint, and a stage technique which, making him the most successful dramatist, commercially, of his day, still arouses the admiration of actors and dramatists under entirely different conditions. Looking at Viola Allen's new production of "Twelfth Night," and thinking of the comedy as a mere play, a piece of construction, apart from imagination, style, or any literary quality whatever, I wondered where any technician, any stage carpenter, with contemporary fashions, could suggest an improvement; and the only detail that occurred to me was Maria's perhaps too full explanation of her plot in advance. Each time a lover of Shakespeare hears and sees one of the six or eight plays that hold even our stage, he is naturally struck afresh by one or two virtues out of the myriad. In this instance, two qualities, besides the dramatic construction, came over me with peculiar force. One was the nature of the humor. Why do Shakespeare's jokes stand a thousand hearings? Analyzed, they are not by any means always brilliant, and one might expect to tire of them. It is the inexhaustible vitality of the spirit which penned them that gives them immortality. The humor is so whole-souled, so buoyant, that it needs no French point. "Good Mistress Accost," and "Good Mistress Mary Accost," do not stand the microscope, like Mme. du Deffand's "C'est le premier pas qui coute."

Shakespeare's humorous reflections on style, expressed through Sir Andrew Aguecheek's admiration of Viola's large words, reminded me of the time when a friend of mine heard "Hamlet" for the first time, and broke into uncontrollable admiration of the Prince's phraseology, especially "fretted with golden fire." What was a fresh experience to him was so old to the rest of us that we could only say, with sorry humor, "Yes, the play is rather well written."

The vitality which is the soul of Shakespeare's humor is the soul also of many of his characters, and makes them difficult to play for many excellent actors. A hundred players may come off fairly well from the reflective Hamlet, where one has temperament enough for the passion of Juliet, the unctious of Falstaff or Sir Toby, the vivacity of Rosalind or Mercutio. Miss Allen plays Viola with much accumulated knowledge, and a large part of her acting is intelligent, just, and laudable. When she forces the note of gaiety and alertness, it is perhaps from deficiency of natural ardor, but it would be better to remain actually within her nature. In a cast which is good enough to leave the comedy delightful, Miss Grace Elliston as Olivia illustrates the attractiveness of sincerity, and absence of effort or affectation.

Frank Norris

CHANNING POLLOCK'S dramatization of "The Pit" is unusually effective. Novels of this broad, epic style are usually converted into the coarsest melodrama, but in this play we receive much of the swing and breadth of the romance. The comedy and social detail are weak, as in the original, but the exciting human relations are preserved and much of the grandiose imagination.

Frank Norris was superficial as a reasoner. His essays are proof enough of that, and his theories as expounded in "The Octopus" and "The Pit" are an unnecessary support to such a conclusion. What gave him distinction was the power to give vivid expression to crude characters and epic conceptions. When "The Octopus" is sociology, it is patry. When it is a sequence of scenes and incidents, of Western size and roughness, it is nearly great. "The Pit" is not the earlier novel's equal, because the facts were less familiar to the novelist, and had held his imagination less, and the characters have not the same primitive simplicity. Power was what he understood, not complexity. Already he was a man of virile talent. There was nothing in his work, however, to suggest the development which comes with maturity to the more intellectual mind. Too much has been made, in the press, of the stirring scene in the wheat pit at Chicago. A thrilling bit of stage mechanism it is, but in no way dramatically superior—hardly, indeed, equal—to several scenes of more restrained power, especially the one immediately preceding. The element of the lover, so discreetly handled in the novel, has been by necessity made much swifter by the adapter, with unmistakable ability, and the cast carries out the situations. Mr. Lackaye, one of the best actors we have, is at his best in characters where the will is dominant; Miss Jane Oaker is a finished actress, when not too much emotion is required, and the players as a whole do their part toward an impression which is very dramatic and strongly American. It seems rather too bad to have the pit scene end in something as threadbare and insignificant as a personal knockdown—always so unconvincing on the stage.

Inferior to "The Octopus" though it be, "The Pit" shows what an artist in the picturesque Norris was. Who else could equal him in letting the turmoil of the Board of Trade fade off into the picture of the gray cat, alone on the edge of the abandoned wheat pit, making her toilet by diligently licking the fur inside her thigh?

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THE WAR

A Record of the Progress of Events in the Far East

THE sensational news of the first two days of the war in the Far East was followed by clouds of confusing rumors and contradictory accounts of movements by sea and land. It was quickly discovered that as sources of reliable information the cable outposts in the war territory were no more satisfactory than was hysterical Shanghai during the Boxer troubles, or Key West during the Spanish War. For several days after the torpedo attack on the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, and the destruction of the cruisers *Variag* and *Korietz*, off the harbor of Chemulpo, the repetition of their stories from many sources was twisted into alleged news of other Japanese attacks at Port Arthur and elsewhere.

The sifted facts of the blow struck at Russia's sea-power, were, however, not exaggerated by first reports. The tidings from St. Petersburg, Tokio, Chifu, and Port Arthur itself daily piled up in increasing magnitude. It was accepted as fact that no less than ten Russian ships were put out of action in the night attack and bombardment of the next day, and by the alleged self-inflicted mishaps. The unreadiness and carelessness of the Russian naval officers were revealed as more glaring than had been supposed. On the night of the attack many of them were ashore at a circus or in cafes, their ships were not even cleared for action, and their Commander, Admiral Stark, and the Viceroy, Admiral Alexieff, were accused of gross negligence even in St. Petersburg itself.

It was soon learned that the Port Arthur fight was not the opening event of the war, but that the battle of Chemulpo had preceded it by several hours, and that the Russian guns had fired the first hostile shots. The overwhelming tide of sympathy with Japan in this country and England was allowed to obscure the merits of the magnificent fight to the death made by the two Russian cruisers against fatal odds. The detailed accounts show that on the morning of February 9, three Japanese cruisers, four gunboats, and eight torpedo craft, under the command of Admiral Uriu, approached the harbor. The two Russian cruisers, one of them the *Variag*, of the first class, the other an inconsiderable fighting unit, the *Korietz*, were given until noon to come out of the neutral port. In the harbor were French, British, Italian, and American cruisers, whose crews cheered the craft to sea, like the crowds at a football game.

Four miles out the battle began. The Russians were smothered by weight of metal, and after being crippled and set on fire, crawled back to the harbor where they blew up and sank. The *Variag* lost 30 men and 7 officers killed and 42 wounded, while the Japanese reported no losses. It was surprising that while the Japanese squadron fired at least five hundred heavy shells, the *Variag* was seriously hit only six times. It was shown at Santiago and Manila Bay, however, that with first-class gunnery the percentage of hits in a running fight is much smaller than experts had expected. The Chemulpo fight was at very long range, the closest engaging distance being reported at five thousand yards, or two and a half miles.

The opening clashes of the war in two days so reduced the previously superior sea-power of Russia in the fighting zone that the relative strength then stood: Four battleships and six cruisers, to Japan's six battleships and twenty cruisers. The balance was shifted another unit, when, three days later, the Russian torpedo transport *Yenisei* was blown up at Port Arthur while laying mines. Her crew of 3 officers and 91 men perished with her. This disaster was taken to indicate a state of demoralization in the Russian naval force, and this was confirmed by the news of February 15, that the second-class cruiser *Boyarin*, with a complement of 200 officers and men, had been destroyed with all on board, by striking another mine in Port Arthur Harbor. On top of this record of accidental loss came an unconfirmed report that the Russians had fired upon and sunk three of their own torpedo scouts on night duty. This, however, was thought to have been a twisted version of the loss of the *Boyarin*.

Through the first fortnight of the war, the most conspicuously uncertain quantity was the location and performances of the Russian squadron of four fast and powerful cruisers, which had used Vladivostok as their base. Within three days this squadron was ravaging the most northerly ports of Japan, was still ice-bound in Vladivostok Harbor, had lost three of its ships by Japanese torpedo attack, and had returned to its base. It was definitely known that the squadron was at sea, because it sank two Japanese merchantmen, an act which aroused intense indignation at Tokio, and because a Japanese squadron had been sent out to follow and close with this threatening Russian force.

The fear that the latter might intercept, on their stirring homeward flight, the two cruisers, *Nisshin* and *Kasuga*, bought from the Argentine Republic, and sent out from Genoa, was dispelled by news of their safe arrival at Yokohama on February 16.

The seriousness of the Russian transportation problem in winter was emphasized by the report that Japanese spies in Manchuria, disguised as Chinese coolies, had cut the Siberian Railway in six places, and that one bridge had been blown up with a loss of thirty Russian lives. This was followed by St. Petersburg despatches, to the effect that in crossing Lake Baikal, which breaks the through railway line, several hundred Russian troops had died of exposure, and that the forces en route to the front were suffering greatly from cold and shortage of supplies.

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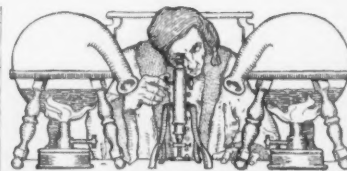


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NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

It is proposed to derive power for traction purposes from Swiss mountain streams.

A MOST interesting scheme has been developed in Switzerland for the gradual replacement of the present steam locomotives, used on the railways, by electric traction.

In Switzerland there are no coal mines, and all fuel for the railways has to be imported, but with its mountains, and streams running down them, there is abundant water power if it can be utilized.

To condemn all the steam engines now in use would be exceedingly expensive, and so it is proposed to substitute electric heating of the water for the present system. This change would involve but slight modification of the locomotives, large electric heaters will be placed in the boilers, and a current collector substituted for the smokestack.

By this method the use of coal would be abandoned at once, the train crew could easily learn the manipulation of the new equipment, and as fast as the old locomotives are used up, electric locomotives can be substituted. It is claimed that this arrangement will raise steam at a pressure of two hundred pounds in three hours from cold water, and an additional advantage is that the thermal efficiency is almost perfect, the only loss of heat being by radiation from the boiler. If at any time there is too much or too little heating, it can be instantaneously varied to suit the demand.

Volatile chemicals should be protected against sun spots and the household cat.

AT a recent meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry, Mr. Edward Durant pointed out some of the dangers of sun spots.

Sun spots vary very much in number from time to time, and when many are present, there may be serious electric disturbances on earth, in the form of electric storms and the Aurora Borealis. Static electricity is a splendid detonator, and nearly every one has tried the experiment of walking across a carpeted floor on a clear, cold day, and lighting the gas by the discharge from the finger-tip. It is very much easier to do this at periods of sun-spot activity, and under some circumstances similar effects may become dangerous.

A cat's back is a good generator of static electricity under such atmospheric conditions, and might easily cause an explosion in a storehouse of volatile chemicals by simply rubbing her back against a box, or squeezing in through a hole, the discharge from her fur igniting the explosive mixture of gas and air.

On a ship the presence of sun-spot activity may be shown by St. Elmo's Fire at the tips of the spars, and if she carried a cargo of explosives or volatile chemicals, it would be a wise precaution to avoid any possibility of a static discharge occurring in the hold.

Alcohol may now be made from coke by an electrical process at present in use abroad.

ALL of the alcohol now used, both that in spirituous drinks and that which is used in the arts, is obtained by the fermentation of saccharine fluids by yeasts. It is interesting to learn that a process for making alcohol synthetically has now been put to commercial use at a plant established for the purpose at Saint Alban des Villars, in Savoy.

The starting-point of the process is the fusing together of powdered coke and various metallic oxides in the electric furnace. The product obtained is further worked up with sulphuric acid, and alcohol finally obtained, together with small quantities of acetone and ether as by-products. According to the theory of the process, about a pound of coke is required for the production of one quart of alcohol, but in practice it has required about four pounds. This amount may be reduced later by the further perfecting of the details of the manufacture.

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